

OLEPHIA “LEAFY” KING: DUST AND DESIRE, LAUGHTER AND TEARS

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NEVADA PIONEER COWGIRL AND POET

Interviewee: Olephia “Leafy” King

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Description

Olephia “Leafy” King, a native Nevadan, was born in 1905, and spent her early years in Goldfield and Saulsbury Wash northeast of Tonopah. As a young child, she moved to a ranch in central Nevada, where she lived for the next three decades. Her avid interest in the ways of ranching, and the flora and fauna of the surrounding valleys and mountains, has created a complete and interesting portrayal of ranch life in Nevada in the early 1900s. Later on in life she moved to Fallon, Nevada, where in the middle 1960s she wrote, illustrated and published two books of poetry.

Leafy King grew up on a ranch in Monitor Valley as a cowgirl, one of the few of her time. She was always very aware of her surroundings, and early in life developed a deep sense for the natural beauty and wonders of Nevada. Her insights into the habits of Nevada’s wild animals and livestock is very sensitive, yet clear and direct. She also carefully observed and remembered the various do-it-yourself methods employed on the ranch as a means of making it self-sufficient and productive. Her “Lessons I’ve Learned” is a series of humorous anecdotes of her early years on the ranch, and this humor prevails throughout her oral history. Various aspects of several other towns in Nevada—Tonopah, Belmont, and Manhattan—are also recounted during these years on the ranch.

Soon after her father’s death in 1939, Leafy King and her immediate family sold the ranch and moved to Fallon. She relives their first years farming and ranching in Lahontan Valley and the peaceful, friendly ways of Fallon.

In her oral history Leafy King also discusses her interest in writing poetry and the two books of poetry she published. Through these works she introduces the reader to Nevada and its ranching industry in the early 1900s, and leaves a legacy to her descendants and all Nevadans who cherish Nevada and its unique qualities.

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An Oral History Conducted by Carol E. Colip

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Olephia "Leafy" King is a native Nevadan, born in 1905. She spent her early years in Goldfield and Salsbury Wash north of Tonopah, and as a young child moved to a ranch in central Nevada where she lived for the next three decades. Her avid interest in the ways of ranching, and the flora and fauna of the surrounding valleys and mountains has created a complete and interesting portrayal of ranch life in Nevada in the early 1900's. Later on in life she moved to Fallon, Nevada, where she currently resides. There in Fallon in the middle 1960's she wrote, illustrated and published two books of poetry: Western Poems and Western Poems No. 2.

"Leafy" King grew up on a ranch in Monitor Valley as a cowgirl, one of the few of her time. She was always very aware of her surroundings, and early in life developed a deep sense for the natural beauty and wonders of Nevada. Her insights into the habits of Nevada's wild animals and livestock is very sensitive yet clear and direct. She also carefully observed and remembered the various "do-it-yourself" methods employed

on the ranch as a means of making it self-sufficient and productive. Her "lessons I've learned" are a series of humorous anecdotes of her early years on the ranch, and this humor prevails throughout her oral history. Various aspects of several other towns in Nevada are also recounted during these years on the ranch: Tonopah, Belmont, and Manhattan.

Soon after her father's death in 1939, "Leafy" King and her immediate family moved to Fallon after they sold the ranch. She relives their first years farming and ranching in Lahontan Valley, and the peaceful, friendly ways of Fallon.

In 1965 "Leafy" King published her first book of poetry. In this collection she recounted her life as a cowgirl, and her education on the range. Accompanying these poems are her own pen and ink drawings, a talent she developed through the years with some help from Will James. Her second volume was published in 1967, again embellished with pen and ink drawings. Through these works she's introduced the reader to Nevada and its ranching industry in the early 1900's, and

has left a legacy to her descendant's and all Nevadans who cherish Nevada and its unique qualities.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, "Leafy" King accepted graciously. There were Monday night recording sessions in her home between September of 1978 and May of 1979. "Leafy" King expressed great interest in this project, and was a pleasant, informative and humorous chronicler. During these sessions her zest for life and her surroundings became very apparent. Her review of the memoir resulted in only a few changes to clarify the text, and no major changes as to the substance of the text, retaining a truly Western flavor.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library preserves the past and present for future research by tape recording the memoirs of people who have been important to the development of Nevada. This oral history was part of the training given a member of the newly formed Churchill County Oral History Project. Transcripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Copies of this script will also be available at the Churchill County Museum and the Churchill County Library. Olephia "Leafy" King has generously donated the literary rights in her memoir to the University of Nevada, and has designated the volume as one for research.

Carol Colip
Churchill County Oral History Project
Fallon, Nevada
1980

INTERVIEWER'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to express my deep and ever-enduring thanks and appreciation to my transcriber: Carmen Sexton, and my typist: Kitty Frye. Without their innumerable hours of time and help and stick-to-it-tive-ness, and the patience of my husband Fred, the project would not have been completed. I am deeply indebted to them for their help.

Sincerely,
Carol. E. Colip

MY FAMILY HISTORY

MY PARENTS

My name is Olephia "Leafy" King. I'd like to talk about my father first. He was Joseph Brigham Nay, Junior. He was born in Gunnison, Utah, fourteenth of February, 1872. He was from a family of nine children. His father's name was Joseph Brigham Nay, Senior, and his mother's name was Amanda Ellen Earl. She was born in Salt Lake City, and he was born in Harris Grove, Iowa.

His mother and father were married in Pine Valley, Utah, an' as far as I can remember back he lived around Pine Valley until he was seventeen, an' probably longer than that, 'cause he was seventeen when his last sister, the youngest one in the family, was born. An' from then on, I don't know exactly where they lived. They lived in different places in Utah, probably Circleville, Utah.

While he was still a young man in his twenties, some of his family had already came out to Nevada. They was interested in minin', and they came to Belmont. So he decided that

he was gonna' follow then on out; he was just a young man in his twenties. So he came to Belmont; I don't know exactly which year it was. He was still in his early twenties. An' that was where he met my mother, Ellen Clifford.

She was a cowgirl. She was born in Tybo, Nevada, on August the twenty-ninth, 1879. An' they lived on the Stone Cabin Ranch. She was a cowgirl, an' just an ordinary ranch girl. I don't know exactly where she went to school. But neither one of my parents had much of an education. I know that. I doubt if they had as much schooling as I did—probably through the fourth or fifth grade.

He met my mother in Belmont, and they got to going together, an' on the seventh of December, 1899, they were married. They were married in the old Belmont Courthouse. by Father Butler. An' they had a big reception for them, an' the whole town was invited to their wedding reception at the Cosmopolitan Buildin'. An' they invited everyone from all the ranches, an' there was an enormous big crowd came to their wedding reception. Most

of their wedding gifts was groceries, an' dishes an' cooking utensils, but the biggest part of it was groceries: sacks of flour an' sugar an' rice, an' all those things that perhaps we'd think was silly nowadays.

There was one special person that went to my mother and father's wedding. She really remembered that big wedding, an' that was Myrtle Tate Myles. An' she wrote a story about that wedding in the Nevada magazine in the fall of 1969—Highways and Parks magazine. An' she wrote the whole story about their wedding, an' how she went to it. It was quite a story to read, an' she explained it so nice. There was only one thing—they had the date wrong. They were married in 1899, instead of 1900 as it was put in the magazine.

They lived around Belmont after they were married, an' between there an' Stone Cabin Valley—Stone Cabin Ranch where my mother was raised. They went back an' forth.

It was on the fourth of December, 1900, that my sister was born—Emma Nevada Nay. My sister was born in Belmont, Nevada. I think my parents lived partly in Belmont an' partly at the Stone Cabin Ranch the first few years they were married.

Both my mother an' father wanted to follow ranchin' an' cattle raisin' and minin'. Both of them were interested in minin'. My father was raised a cowboy an' sorta' sought out that kinda' life, too. An' my mother, too, was raised a cowgirl an' a ranchgirl. She enjoyed the outdoors, an' her main hobby after she grew up was [Chuckle]-she was a mineralogist. She knew more about ore than most of the men! She studied it. All of her life she wanted to find a mine of her own.

Carol E. Colip: You've also mentioned that your father had several hobbies. Could you go into telling us what those were?

Well, he loved to play the guitar. He played by ear, an' he loved to sing, an' he had a beautiful bass voice. An' everywhere he went someone would ask him to play the guitar an' sing. He just loved to sing for people.

He also loved to make horsehair ropes. First of all after they roached the horses' manes, mother'd wash that horsehair all nice an' clean, an' dry it. Then they would pick it apart an' throw it in loose piles until they had a big bunch of it piled up there. An' they would stop after they'd get so much there that they'd wan' for one strand. Then they would roll it up, and Daddy had a spinner, they called it. It was made out of a barrel stave and' a—I don't know whether it was a bolt or what—went through it. An' we'd twirl that, an' that's the way it twisted. He'd spin the horsehair out an' us kids'd twist that homemade spinner that he made. After he got the strands so long we'd stop an' then he had some kind of pegs he'd hammer in the ground the length that he wanted to make the ropes. An' he'd have us stop an' he'd tie it where he wanted around these pegs on the ground. An' then we'd start another strand. I forget how many strands it'd take to make a good size mecaté as we called 'em—a horsehair mecaté. An' if he wanted to make them different colors he'd change to the black horsehair, an' then he'd use the white, an' then when it was twisted together it'd look just like a barber pole. Pretty designs. An' then some he'd spin 'em together an' make it mottled, like a salt an' pepper design. He made the prettiest ropes. After he got these strands all stretched out on these pegs, then he folded 'em some way an' twisted them, an' when he let go they all twisted un where he wanted 'em. I can't explain how it was done. An' he'd cut a little piece of leather, an' put in the end where it was finished on one end, an' then he made a pretty tassel on the end that

went around the horse's neck. They was really neat ropes. He made them for all of us. We helped him make a lot of them.

The Indians that lived on the ranch often joined in with him an' they'd make those horsehair ropes in the wintertime out of the manes an' tails they'd roach off of our horses an' off of mustangs. We reached many of our horses' manes off—even kept them roached. They looked nice—a lot of 'em. Some of 'em we roached, an' some we didn't. An' mostly in the wintertime we'd roach the manes off, especially the work horses—we always roached their manes. An' then, sometimes they'd run mustangs in the wintertime, when they were close, an' happened to get 'em in handy in the corral. They'd roach their manes off, an' bob their tails, so people wouldn't shoot 'em an' kill 'em. An' that's where we got the horsehair to make the ropes. An' it was beautiful work! He made rawhide riatas, too—lasso ropes—out of rawhide. He made those real nice. First they generally used the hide of a thin cow (canner cow), and then they put it in some kinda' solution, probably limewater, for a few days. An' when they scraped the hide the hair would come off. Then they had to cut the hide all up in little fine strings, an' run it through a gauge, an' make the strings o' rawhide all a certain size. An' then they braided it while it was wet, an' put some kinda' oil on it (mutton tallow sometimes). That was the old rawhide riatas that they made. Quite different from the ones they buy nowadays. I think they still make 'em a lot, though; some of the men do.

An' he loved fishin'! and huntin'. An' he was an excellent cowboy, and a rancher. He never did go out for bronco twistin' like these people at rodeos, or anything. He was just an ordinary all-around good cowboy, a good sensible cowboy, an' a man that everybody

loved. He seemed like he made friends with everybody, an' I don't think he had a enemy in the whole world.

You also mentioned your mother was interested in mineralogy. Were there other things that she also was interested in? And also could you tell me a little bit more about where she learned about mineralogy?

Well, it seemed like she was always studying rock, an' she had little boxes of specimens that she bought somewhere, an' that was t'all different kinda' ore in there, an' she'd study it. When the men'd bring in ore she'd go to that little box and she'd tell 'em just what kinda' rock they had found, whether it was porphyry or cinnabar or silver or gold quartz. She could tell right off what it was. It just was something she studied and was interested in.

An' later on in her life, she made ships in jugs. She made the most beautiful ships. She'd carve 'em all outa' wood, and paint things on 'em, and make smokestacks on 'em. An' then she'd saw 'em all into little tiny pieces. An' then she had long tweezers, an' she would glue 'em all back together inside of a gallon jug. Make a great big ship in there that'd look so real. An' put blue cotton underneath it. It looked just like it was sailing on the ocean. I still have two of 'em in here I'll show you.

I just had the opportunity to see them, and it's a lot of very delicate, precise work that went into putting the ships back together in the bottle, and there's one that is a showboat, and another one that is an ol'schooner. They are really very nicely done.

She also used to love to play the chords on the organ, an' she played with ol' man Stimler,

Harry Stimler's father. I think his name was Henry Stimler. Hed play the fiddle, an' my mother'd play the organ. An' play all night for dances, for people to dance there in Belmont when they had the ol'-fashioned Virginia reels, an' all those ol'-fashioned dances that they had such a good time at.

An' she also had another hobby later on in her years. It was scrollwork with a little scroll saw. She made beautiful cabinets with a real white wood—little thin wood she bought especially for that. An' sh'd draw designs or make designs on them an' cut them out. Make cabinets an' shelves with probably deer on them, an' all these cutouts. She did an awful lot of that work, too, for a long time.

An' she loved fishin' and huntin'. She loved to fish, I think more than she did hunt, but she loved to hunt with Daddy, too. An' she was a real good carpenter. If the men wanted to build a small buildin', sh'd measure out all the lumber, mark it out, an' all they'd do is saw it an' put it up. [Chuckle]

She was an excellent carpenter! How she did it I don't know, but she just had those talents.

An' she was a good blacksmith. When we lived at the ranch (way in later years after I was born we lived on the Barley Creek Ranch), whenever they wanted a brandin' iron made, sh'd go in the shop, put the iron in the forge, and get one of us kids to pump the forge an' heat the iron. An' then sh'd bond it around an' make the neatest brandin' irons for the family you ever saw! Just things you wouldn't believe that a woman really could do! An' she knew how to temper the iron, so that it'd hold the heat. After sh'd make them sh'd dip them in so much cold water a little at a time, an' she called temperin' it [Laughs]. Whenever they wanted any hinges built for corral gates, she got strap iron an' sh'd heat it an' bend it around an' make bolt hinges

for the big gates. An' all the men had to do was put 'em on the gates an' they always fit! I never heard of a woman before doin' all those things an' she loved to do it! She was happy at doin' it.

An' she loved that perspectin'. She never got it out of her mind. In the later years, in 1909, she had her dream come true an' she found her mine, the Ellendale Mine.

JACK LONGSTREET, THE OUTLAW

Goin' back earlier in their lives, shortly after they was married, my father had the misfortune o' bein' shot by an ol' outlaw. Seem like they'd gone to Stone Cabin Ranch an' this ol' outlaw by the name of Jack Longstreet, (that lived up at the Longstreet Mine, Longstreet Canyon), hed had a quarrel over the cattle range with some of the Cliffords earlier, an' they were all mad at one another. But my father didn't even know him or had anything to do with him.

Seem like they went out riding one day; it was on a cold, stormy day, an' they went out after cattle. My father went with my mother's relatives: her father an' two of the Clifford boys, an' this ol' outlaw went out an' laid on the ridges out there with the gun to try to kill one of 'em. An' he didn't even have anything against my father. An' he thought that he was shootin' to kill one of the Clifford boys, whichever one it was. Instead of that, he shot my father.* My father saw him off at a distance; I don't think my dad even had a gun. But he saw him off at a distance, an' he

*New information seems to indicate there was only one Clifford boy, and that Joe Nay was wearing Edward Clifford's (one of sons) riding outfit, and that's why Longstreet shot Joe Nay (thinking it was Ed Clifford).

saw him jump off his horse, an' aim the rifle directly at him. An' he said, "Oh, he's gonna' shoot me, that man is!" An' he jumped off his horse! As he threw his leg over the saddle to get off the horse to get down on the ground so he couldn't shoot him, Jack Longstreet fired at him, an' got him in the leg just below the knee, an' blew a large part of the bone out of his leg—an' crippled him for life.

An' my dad had never done anything to him! He hadn't had any quarrel with him or anything. But later on Jack Longstreet said he made a mistake; that he shot the man he wasn't after at all. But that didn't help my father. It left him a cripple for life.

How did your father respond to this, though?

Well, he just felt it was one of those things that happen to him, an' he had to go through life crippled, an' he did the best he could. He laid in the hospital, I think, eight or ten months at one time, with that leg. An' his leg was quite a bit shorter than the other one. Crippled him for life.

Different times in his life he'd have to go to Reno, an' _____ have an operation or his leg an' they'd take out little pieces of lead that they'd never gotten out of there. But still, my dad was that kind of a man; when people asked him if he hated Jack Longstreet, he said, "Well, he didn't mean to hit me. He didn't do it on purpose." That was the type of man my father was. [Chuckles].

Yes, and will you also tell me how your father reacted one time when Jack Longstreet came to your ranch?

Well, that was years later. That was in, I think, about 1912, after we owned the Barley Creek Ranch. Jack Longstreet came through the country, an' they saw him coming with

his team over the hill to the ranch. An' my mother said, "I am NOT gonna' ask that man in. I just won't have him in here, after what he did to you, an' crippled you for life!" An' my dad said, "He'll eat dinner with the rest of us." An' he saw that we fed him [Laugh]. He just didn't hold a grudge. He wasn't happy with him. He wasn't crazy 'bout the ol' man, but he would still help him—feed him.

TONOPAH AND GOLDFIELD, 1901-1907

Goin' back to earlier in their life, after my sister Emma Nevada was born in Belmont in 1900, they moved to Tonopah in the early days when it was nothin' but a camp o' tents. An' my sister, Emma Nevada Nay, was the first child to be brought into Tonopah. She was the first child there. That was in the year o' 1901 that my parents moved by team and wagon to Tonopah for the big strike o' Jim Butler's. An' they lived in a tent house, banked up around the edges with dirt. An' that was the home for a while.

That was in the winter of 1901. That was the year that they had that bad black death, or whatever they called it— influenza of some kind—that was so bad. An' there was a Mr. Weeks. He was a newspaperman. An' he was the first man to die in Tonopah. At that time they wasn't prepared for anything like that. They all gathered together to do the best they could to see that this Mr. Weeks had a decent funeral. Some of 'em got together an' they built the casket (Walter Hollis was the casket builder). An' women helped line it. An' the funeral—when they took the casket was in a buggy, an' my mother an' my Aunt Lottie rode in the carriage that carried the casket with Mr. Weeks. An' they wanted to sing some hymns, an' my father remembered a couple that he'd learned in the Mormon Church years ago. An' he pieced them together, an' between

him an' Tasker Oddie (that later became our governor), en' Senator William Marsh, the three of them sang at the first funeral in Tonopah.* An' everyone saw that they gave him a decent funeral.

In later years, it seemed so strange that these same three men...My father, Joseph E. Nay, bought a ranch in Monitor Valley. An' across the valley, only twelve miles at Pine Creek Ranch, Tasker Oddie bought that. An' in the south end of Monitor Valley over a summit in the head of Ralston Valley, on the Hunts Canyon Ranch, William Marsh (Senator Marsh who later married the widow Mrs. Weeks), bought that ranch. An' my father bought the Barley Creek Ranch. An' those same three men that sang at that first funeral, all were ranchers only a short distance from one another in Monitor Valley. I thought that was kinda' strange. For many years we were all neighbors.

Your parents moved, you said, to Tonopah. At that time your parents were doing what?

Well, they was tryin' to get in on some o' the minin' claims, I guess. An' my father started working in mines; worked for anyone he could. My Aunt Lottie and Uncle John [Nay] lived there at that time too. They went to the big strike. An' my Aunt Lottie, that was my dad's sister-in-law, she ran the first boarding house in Tonopah in that same year. It was the only boarding house at that time in Tonopah. I think my rather hauled water, too, with teams; some of the water that came into Tonopah in the early days.

I don't know just how long they did stay in Tonopah, but the next place that they went was t' the big strike in Goldfield. It was discovered by Harry Stimler, my Aunt Lottie's brother. So they landed over in Goldfield next. They hitched up their team an' they headed

for [Laughs] over there. An' that was before I was born.

Anyway, my rather worked in the mines. An' my mother worked around Goldfield. At that time it was more Columbia. I think it was discovered before Goldfield. She worked takin' in laundry, doin' men's clothin'. My dad'd come home from working in the mines, an' had this old washtub an' washboard, an' he'd help wash the clothes on that while my mother'd hang 'em up. An' then she did the ironin'. An' that way they made a little bit more money to keep going.

MY BIRTH AND THE ELLENDALE MINE

An' that was where I come into the picture. August the thirteenth, 1905, I was born in Columbia, in a little ol' humble shack that they called home. It was a lot better than the one that they first had in Tonopah [Chuckle] that they moved to. So my dad went on working in the mines there, for a while; an' I think I was two years old when they decided to give up workin' an' take off an' find a mine of their own. So they hitched up the ol' team they called Kit and Deck, an' they loaded all their belongings in the wagon, an' us two little kids. They went back to Tonopah, an' then on out, an' settled at a place called Salsbury Wash. I don't know exactly how many miles from Tonopah that was. It was between Tonopah an' the Ellendale Mine. An' there they started up a little roadhouse of their own. Mother had a little restaurant, an' Daddy fed an' watered teams for the transient that came by. An' in the meantime, they would take weekends off an' go prospectin'. They was determined to find that mine o' their own [Laughs]! In the year 1907 they first moved to Salsbury. I

* See collected papers.

think there already was a little store of some kinda sold matches, an' little small items that the people travelin' through would wan'. An' Mother cooked the meals, an' Dad'd help her do the dishes. An' he'd take care of the horses for so much a head for people as they come through.

An' then they went prospectin'. They'd load us kids up in the ol' wagon on weekends an' put a keg o' water in there, an' the mortar an' pan, an' pair o' magnifying glasses, an' all the paraphernalia that they used [Laughs] to prospect. An' they'd head un in the hills. They'd break off rocks here an' there in gulches. One day in 1909 they made one o' those trips an' my mother picked up a piece o' rock up in the gulch where we'd parked the wagon an' broke it in two, an' it was so full o' gold they couldn't believe it! An' that was the time that led them to her finding the Ellendale Mine that was named after her. So their dream finally come true. They made quite a little bit of money. They built a little house up there at Ellendale then. It seemed like my family had houses built everywhere [Laughs]. Anyway, they got started up the Ellendale an' started to work the mine, an' got quite a little bit o' ore—it was real rich ore. In fact some o' the ore that was hauled from that mine after they got it started, when all were working out there, went through Tonopah with a six-horse-team hauling the ore with men with rifles setting on top to guard that ore it was so rich! I used to have a picture of that—the first wagonload o' ore that went through there that belonged to ray mother and the Cliffords, an' all of 'em together that they had taken out of that rich mine. It was just so rich it didn't take much of it to run into a lot of money.

The people who owned it were your mother, your father, and...

...her brothers. She owned it. They went in partners on it. I think she owned a little bit more than they did. She owned controlling interest, or something like that, in it. They all worked in it. I think the first year, well, they had built a small home up at Ellendale. An' then after they made their first money, that was in the same year, they decided to go to California an' buy a winter home where they could go down there in the winter time for kind of a vacation. Well, they wasn't there only a few months an' they; decided California wasn't for them.

And you said that they owned a house down where in California?

It was in Long Beach, or no, I think it was in Los Angeles. Long Beach or Los Angeles, one of the two. I don't know; I was just a little tiny tot then, an' don't remember much about it [Chuckle]. Anyway, neither one of them wanted to live down there, even in the winter time, so they decided they'll go back, an' they'd always wanted a ranch to raise us kids on. So, instead o' that they sold their place down in California an' come back.

BARLEY CREEK RANCH, MONITOR VALLEY

THE RANCH*

Then after they'd made enough money to buy a ranch, they went to Monitor Valley an' bought the Goldbach Ranch, the Barley Creek Ranch. An' that was in June, 1911 that they bought that ranch. They bought it from a Mrs. Elizabeth Goldbach. She was a lady that had only one arm. She'd lost her arm when she was a little child clear to the shoulder. She got it caught in a belt in some machinery. An' she was one of the most wonderful ol' lady. So they bought that ranch from her; gave her \$10,000 for it.

She had a very nice family. She had one son, Harry Goldbach, and two daughters, Nellie and Posie Goldbach. One, that's now Rosie Walters that there is so many stories written about, an' what a wonderful all timer she was in Belmont. She also had one son whose name was Charlie, I'm sure. She lost him; I don't know how old he was when she lost that one son. But Nanny Goldbach, as we called her, even after we bought the ranch from her and whenever she was lonely to

come home to her old ranch, she'd come live with us. Sometimes spent the whole summer when she wanted to with us. She was really a wonderful person.

This Barley Creek Ranch, when they bought it, too, it had an old log house on it. It probably had about three bedrooms, I guess. But it was built out of hewed logs. So we lived in that. First thing they did they built a schoolhouse, my parents did that year they went there. It was a combination of a bunkhouse an' a schoolhouse. It had a partition in it. I remember the schoolhouse. They had it lined with green burlap, an' a big blackboard fixed up on the wall. An' the county had furnished us desks—seats, I think for eight children. They were all bolted to the floor, an' over in the corner of this little schoolhouse was an ol' pot-bellied stove to keep us warm. An' our first teacher that we had that year was Della Gilbert—teacher from Tonopah, Nevada. An' she just loved it out there. An' she was such a jolly, good-natured

* See maps, Appendix B.

person. She was so happy there teaching school, an' all of us kids just loved her.

When we bought the ranch we got ol' mowing machines, an' hay rakes, an' hay wagon an' wood wagon. I think there was about thirty-five head o' cattle, an' so many horses went with it. An' the brand—Lazy DJ iron—to run the cattle. That was included with the ranch too. Even when you buy the cattle, you buy the iron when you buy the place like that too. An' that's your iron. An' we had this beautiful cow range to run the cattle. An' at first it was pretty hard for 'em to learn all those mountains, an' that big Table Mountain cow range. It took quite a while. Us kids'd, as soon as we was old enough to start ridin', why they started teachin' us the trails. That's the way we grew up on the range just like an ol' tumble weed arolling around. Daddy always saw that we had good saddles when we was kids, even. He saw that we had good saddles, an' bridles, an' good little horses to start out on.

Goin' back in the story to the schoolin' when Della Gilbert was our teacher. There was my sister, Emma Nevada Nay, an' Roscoe Kelsey (Vassar), Birdie an' May an' Dewey an' Willie Anderson, the Indian children.

Then our second teacher we had was Anna Malley. After so many years that we had school there, one of the Indian children died. You had to have so many children before the county'd let you have a school. At least six, I think it was. Whenever there was below there they wouldn't pay for a teacher for ya'.

SCHOOLING IN BELMONT

So later on, when we lost our school at Barley Creek, then we had to buy another house. Bought a house from some people by the name of Hillins, a little cheap house in Belmont. An' there we made another home for a winter home close to the ranch so us

kids could go to school in Belmont. This Roscoe Kelsey (Vassar) that went to school with is at Barley Creek, he even lived seven miles over the mountain on the Willow Creek Ranch with his grandparents, Grandma and Grandma Kelsey. An' he was one that come an' went to school for a year at Barley Creek with us. He'd stay with us during the week days, an' then on the weekend he'd saddle un his horse an' go home. Come back early Monday mornin'. That's the way we had to do in those days to get our schoolin'.

Goin' to school in Belmont, my first schoolteacher there was Lillie Williams. An' I [we] went to school with the Brotherton children, (Alice and Babe Brotherton), Ruby Hands, Moccasin Mike, Ray Fisherman; all together I guess there was around twenty children—sometimes twenty-five in Belmont.

Then all the Anderson children—May an' Dewey an' Birdie—all those children moved to Belmont, too, to go to school later. There was many more children than that; I just can't remember all the names right off that were there.

Most of the time I only had partial terms that I got to go to. I was always late gettin' to school. Before we could move in there we had to wait till all the fall roundup went through, an' I was always a month or so behind the other kids startin'. Then had to leave early in the spring—probably a month before I should (because of spring roundup). I was lucky I made my grades at all, I guess. Did it by studyin' at night.

An' then one o' my other teachers that I had was Pauline Dunn. She was also from Tonopah. She was my teacher in Belmont for two years, an' she later married Lee Brotherton, brother to the Brotherton girls that I went to school with. An' then she made her home in Belmont. She was a wonderful person.

Somehow I loved all my teachers, an' I loved the little ol' humble schoolhouse that we went to school in. Y'know us kids, we used to fight about who'd sweep the schoolhouse out for the teacher, who'd pack in the wood, an' who'd build a fire in the morning for her; go out an' get wood an' put it in the stove. An' if anybody'd broke a window or anythin' in that little ol' schoolhouse thered a'been war, 'cause us kids protected that little schoolhouse. We loved it for some reason.

Remember the games we played. It was kinda' up on a side hill. An' out there we'd smoothed off a plaza, an' we played hopscotch. We'd take a stick an' make a big ring hopscotch, then we'd all play hopscotch in that. Then we'd play hide n' seek, an' all those old-fashioned games. We had more fun.

We really appreciated our school that we had. Somehow I wish that nowadays that the beautiful schools that children—wish they would appreciate 'em more than they really do. The chance that they have that we didn't have. Still we were happy.

Somehow the teachers that I had knew that I loved to draw. An' they always asked me to draw the pictures up on the board for the other children, if it was to be a big apple, or a house, or a pun'kin, or some kind of a scene with trees an' hills. The teacher always called on me to draw the pictures for her. Remember we had colored chalk, an' I thought I was just great 'cause I could do that for the teacher [Chuckles]. I thought that was pretty nice.

Belmont was a nice little place to live in. Just ordinary country people that all loved one another. We were more like a bunch o' relatives, just a few families that were there in Belmont.

An' they had a nice little store there. Frank Brotherton had a store. An' his brother-in-law, Carl Schafer (he was a man that had one leg, his leg was off clear to his hip), an' he took care

of the store most o' the time. I can remember how good they was to us kids. I remember we'd go down there to the store to pick up some groceries; they'd always give us a couple o' sticks o' licorice buttons. I can remember all those things yet of the kindhearted people that we grew up with.

An' on weekends we'd get together at different ore's houses, an' most the time they gathered at my parents' house. An' Daddy'd play the guitar an' sing for the kids, an' that thrilled them to death. All the Brotherton kids'd gather up at our home. An' then they'd have little dances in there sometimes, an' teach us to square dance—some of the older people. Really was pleasan' living around all those fine people in Belmont. It's nice memories to have of all these good people.

I finally gave up my schoolin'. I would've made the eighth grade. I was tryin' to make the seventh an' eighth grade in one year. An' that was the year I finally gave up an' didn't go back to school anymore. I decided that it was more importan' for me to stay an' help my parents—that they needed me. An' I was so far behind in school then. Felt it wouldn't make much difference then.

MY EDUCATION ON THE RANGE

I tried to get the rest of my education growin' up on the range, which I think I did. I learned so many things ridin' the range—the ways of the animals. Some o' the things that ya' learned on the range is unbelievable.

I used to be amazed even when I'd ride after the cattle. See an ol' cow that had a little baby calf, an' she'd probably hide it in the sagebrush, hid away where you'd have a hard time findin' it. An' she'd go sometimes five or ten miles, to water. An' she knew right where to come back, an' knew the very bush where she left that little baby calf. She'd go right to

it. That little calf—he'd never leave there until his momma come back. Things like that that's hard to explain to people.

So many times we'd set an' rest our horses, Emery [later Leafy's husband] and I would, when we'd be on top of the mountains, an' be real quiet, an' watch the deer as they'd come out when they didn't think anyone was around. An' see the bucks when they had the velvet on their horns. You'd watch 'em rub the velvet off of their horns on a mahogany tree. An' they'd just kinda break the tree all to pieces, rubbing this velvet off of their horns. Every year a deer loses his horns. An' then they grow new ones, an' they come out with this velvet all over 'em. An' we'd watch 'em rub the velvet off of their horns. An' we'd watch the little deer play. An' all it took was just a little tiny bit of a noise, an' boy, they'd just go boundin' into the timber [Chuckles]. As long as they didn't know you was around you'd sure watch. It'd just tickle you to watch the things that they did.

All those things, I think, an' watchin' the wildflowers—just hundreds an' hundreds o' different kinds o' wildflowers. We'd just be amazed. We'd stop at patches of 'em. I'd seen patches where the Indian pinks an' the lupine an' little white desert flowers, or mountain flowers, were growin' together. See the colors red, white and blue all together. We always stopped, an' we took an interest in those things. An' the beautiful mountains, an' the mahogany-filled basins, an' quaking asps. Another thing we used to enjoy so much is to watch after the frost hit the timber—the quakin' asps in the fall. They just turn the most beautiful colors! You'd just have to stop an' look at 'em. They're so beautiful.

To some people, things like that might not mean very much but we always liked to watch the sunsets, then the sunrises. All those things just interested us. We just loved 'em.

Kinda' drank 'em all in [Warm laugh]. That's why I have so many memories of all these things.

An', it was so many nice people that we grew up with. All the cowboys, an' cowgirls that I grew up with. I didn't know any of 'em but what they were good people. I don't know any of 'em that were bad. They used to talk about these gun-totin' cowboys but I have my first time to ever meet any [Chuckles] rough cowboys like that [Chuckles], outside of that one I told the story about, Jack Longstreet. He wasn't really a cowboy. He was just an' ol' outlaw, that one was [Chuckles]. But I think the Indian people I grew up with an' all the cowboys an' cowgirls; jus' glad I grew up with those fine people. All of 'em that's alive are still true friends to me. An' that means a lot.

RANCHES IN MONITOR VALLEY

Also you have talked about the other ranches that are in the area. You've mentioned several. Could you name those, and who were the owners of those ranches?

Well, the Mosquito Creek Ranch, that was about thirteen miles down the valley, on the same side as our ranch was, an' that was owned by Joe Scuffs. He was the one that run the cattle up on Table Mountain with ours that had such a big herd of cattle. They were real fine neighbors.

An' then there was the Pine Creek Ranch. That was eleven miles straight across the valley from us on the opposite side of the valley. There was one part of that that was owned by Ernst, a man they called the "Cattle King." He was a wonderful man from what I've heard. Then later it was owned by (Governor) Tasker Oddie, the man that sang at Tonopah's first funeral with my father. An' then later on, I don't know how it all changed

hands or anything, but then it was owned by the United Cattle and Packin' Company. One of the managers that managed the Pine Creek Ranch, his name was Johnny Whooley.

An' later there was Ed Owens, one of the managers there, but the big bosses that really owned it over them all was Jake Humphrey an' Ira Murdock.

Then just a few miles up in the foothills above Pine Creek was the Cook Ranch an' in the early days I was told it was owned by Shorty Cooper. Then later on, years later, the Claude Mealman family owned it. Mrs. Mealman an' Mrs. Joe Scuffe; that lived on the Mosquito Creek Ranch, were sisters—were both Brotherton girls: Essie Scuffe an' Viola Mealman.

An' the next ranch on down the valley below Mosquito Creek—I don't know just how far it was, but I think it was thirty or thirty-five miles from Barley Creek to the Potts Ranch. That was owned by the Potts Brothers, an' they raised thoroughbred Hereford cattle an' then they had quite a few bands of sheep an' they run them up on the Table Mountain Range where we ran our stock. An' we got along fine with the Potts family. They were wonderful people an' wonderful neighbors, an' that was where my daddy always went to buy his thoroughbred bulls. He'd go down there an' buy them from the Potts Brothers when we needed new bulls for our herd.

Then there was another ranch seven miles straight across the valley from our Barley Creek Ranch. In the early days, in the 1860's, it was a stage stop called the Smith Station. That was eight miles north of Belmont. We always called it the ol' Stone House Ranch. An' I never did know who the real owners was to it, but for many years Mamie an' Albert Hooper, some real good Indian friends of ours, leased it. An' they had quite a few cattle they run, their own cattle, but I think they

leased it. I don't think they owned it, an' right now I don't know who owns it.

Then there was the Meadow Canyon Ranch. It was up in the mountains at the foot of Jefferson Mountain. That was between Belmont an' the Stone House Ranch. I think there was two good-sized ranches up in there an' it was a cattle ranch. I'm not sure who owned them in the early days, but Alec an' Kit Anderson lived on the lower ranch, an' Jack McCann lived on the upper one at one time. An' then in later years, while we still owned the Barley Creek Ranch, a Mrs. Oline Stewart from Tonopah bought the Meadow Canyon ranches an' she owned it. An' who she sold out to, I can't remember.

There was the Haystack Field Ranch. That was seven miles from Barley Creek. That was between the Barley Creek an' Pine Creek Ranch. It was more of a big pasture—two or three sections of land all fenced—an' on a good year, when there was a lot of water, lot of snow on the mountains, an' the water went down from Barley Creek, that's where they got the irrigation water from other ranches where it hit the valley there an' flooded. into the fields. They had windmills in there, an' some years they put up quite a lot of hay, other years there was nothing but pasture for the cattle. An' that was also owned by the Pine Creek outfit.

Then there was the Poverty Flat Ranch. That was a big pasture, too. That was the ranch that my first husband, Joe Borrego, an' I homesteaded. We homesteaded that in 1924, an' we fenced one section of six hundred an' forty acres. It was a mile long an' a half a mile wide, an' we fenced it for pasture to hold cattle in when we were gathering the cattle in the spring an' in the fall.

An' then we built a two-room house on it an' put up a windmill to water cattle down there an' built a cellar an' a little chicken house an' had a watering pond for the stock there.

An' we built corrals down there and lived so many months on that place during the summer.

There was really a lot of rattlesnakes down there. I can remember one time when my daughter (she was only about a year to a year an' a half old)—we'd gone down there for a few months an' there was no linoleum on the floors or anything. It was just old board floors with cracks in 'em, an' she used to creep around on the floor. An' one day I was sewin', an' she said, "Mama, locusts." And I could hear something buzzin', 'cause there's a lot of locusts at certain times of the year down there, an' you can't hardly tell them from a rattlesnake [Chuckles].

She was playing with an old dull table knife, old blunt thing that couldn't hurt anything. She was just poking it down through the cracks in the floor. An' she was poking this big rattlesnake through the crack in the floor. Only it wasn't big enough for the snake to bite her, or get her finger down there.

Oh, I had a fit when I walked out. I was sewing, an' I went out of the bedroom into the kitchen an' here she was pokin' down in there. She thought it was one of these locust bugs [Laughs]. I put her in the crib an' went outside an' got the axe an' broke one of the boards in the floor in an' got the shotgun an' peeked in under there. Blew the rattlesnake to pieces [Laughs throughout]. When her dad come home from ridin' after cattle he had to build a new floor quite a ways in there, but he was glad 'cause I got the snake 'cause it was right under the house. An' could have bit any of us! An' that was the only way to get it—to smash the boards in the floor.

Made a little old cellar down there, too, to keep our food in, an' it was so cool in that little place. Even though it was hot down in that flat in the summertime, that little cellar kept cool. Dug out a fairly good-sized square

hole in the ground. Went down not deep enough where we'd hit water or anything. An' then banked up with old boards an' strong posts in the corners. Put up a good, heavy ridge pole. Put cottonwood poles on it first, an' old boards an' anything we could get hold of. An' brush an' dirt—made the roof on it o' that. Built little shelves down in it. There was a dirt floor in it. We put our meat in a canvas in the daytime on the floor an' it'd keep just as cold as ice down in there on that ground. So it served the purpose. We didn't have fancy things, but we got by.

Who built the cellar?

Well, I dug the hole [Laughs] while my husband was off ridin' after the cattle. An' then he did the rest of the buildin' of it. He come home one day an' I had that great big hole shoveled out [Laughs].

An' we built corrals, an' we fenced it with big cedar posts. Fenced the whole place. Had three-wire barbed wire fence all around it.

Down in the lower end of it, we scraped out with an old scraper an' a team, a hole 'til we hit water down there. An' then set tanks in, gasoline drums with the bottoms cut out of 'em; Set these drums down in there for the cattle to come in. They'd walk in there and they'd drink out of these drums of water. We'd have to put heavy planks in 'em so if the cattled' stumbled or anything would fall headfirst in them, they couldn't go clear down in 'em. Blocked 'em across the center with a big heavy two-by-four or whatever it was we had. Put we did a lot of things the hard way, but we got by [Laughs].

MONITOR VALLEY AND ITS CATTLE RANGES

All the ranches in Monitor Valley (on those ranches outside of Potts') had winter

range for the cattie. These—Table Mountain Range an' all places that the Pine Creek outfit ran their cattle, an' Scuffes, an' all those—they had winter range. The Pine Creek outfit's winter range was down below Tonopah an' down through Ralston Valley, down around Pine Creek Wells, All that country was their winter range.

You had to own some springs or an interest in springs to be entitled to a winter range where you could run your cattle. You had to hold some water holes somewhere. An' my dad had taken up one spring an' he called it the Knoll Spring. That was on the other side of Barley Creek Summit about six miles or six an' a half miles from Barley Creek on the other side of Barley Creek Summit. He applied for that string an' he got it. An' he built corrals there, an' developed the water a little bit. An' that gave him a pretty good range right to Stone Cabin Valley. An' my mother still owned a small interest in Stone Cabin from the family when someone had passed away an' she was left an interest, an' she always kept that interest 'cause she was entitled then to the range right for cattle to water down in Stone Cabin Valley. They had those two range rights: Knoll Strings that they owned an' then the interest in Stone Cabin.

In the fall when we gathered the cattle, we'd gather the steers to sell. We'd wean all the calves that were ready to wean from all the cows. Then we'd shove them all down south. Shove the cows down first an' then keep the calves for about six weeks until they were weaned, an' then shove them on south. Maybe once in a while some of them would get back with their mothers an' go back to nursing the cows, but not too many of them. But you had to have a winter range. I don't think Joe Scuffe did. I think he had an awful big hay ranch. I think he fed his cattle in the winter. An' I think Potts' did too. But the Pine

Creek outfit an' our outfit an' Hunts Canyon an' all those, we had winter ranges.

Monitor Valley was a—I don't know how long that valley really was. I never was past Pottses in that valley. But then the south end of Monitor Valley was what we called Little White Sage an' Big White Sage Flat[s]. That's where the mustangs used to range. Go out there an' chase mustangs an' you'd raise the dust. You'd look back an' two or three miles behind you an' see the dust you made. My sister an' I used to love to go out there an' run mustangs an' then look back at the miles an' miles of dust [Laughs] we made. Daddy'd send us out there sometime after some cattle an' we'd wind up runnin' mustangs [Laughs]. He'd act like he was a little bit mad at us when we'd come in with a couple o' colts or something that we'd caught or run in with the gentle horses. Mama, she was always standing by though. She loved to see us bring in new mustangs. She was as crazy about 'em as we were, and so was Daddy. Instead o' scolding us he'd get his ol' rawhide riata an' catch 'em and help us halter break 'em to help us get 'em started. He used to tell us we was mustang crazy sometimes [Laughs] an' said, "You took after your dad."

If you ever have a chance to go to Monitor Valley, go an' see Devil's Punch Bowl, or I think they call it Dinah's Punch Bowl now. Like a great big, monstrous well up on top of a hill. It's between Mosquito Creek and the Potts' Ranch, right out in the valley there. An' it's a boiling hot, steaming place in the winter time and the steam is going straight up in the air. Really scare you to get close to it. It's real big! We used to ride down there close to that in the winter time. Sometimes we'd go down there, but I was real scared and spooky about that place. I didn't even like to go around it. But it's a very interestin' place to see.

There's so many stories you hear about those places and I remember years ago about them telling about some cowboy or prospector that camped down in the flats there. he had a big ham with him; he thought that would be a good place to cook it. So he had a big long piece o' baling wire an' he wired it onto his ham and hung it down in that hot water and thought, well, he'd leave it so long. An' he left it there too long and he pulled the wire up and all that was left was the bone [Laughs]. Cooked all the meat off of the ham in just alittle while, it was so hot, that hot of water.

The Table Mountain cattle range where we run our cattle an' where Pottses run theirs, an' Scuffes an' the Pine Creek outfit, everybody's cattle run up there in the summertime, the ones that had permits. Table Mountain's an enormous big cow range. If you didn't know the country up there, you'd really get lost, too. I don't know how many miles back Table Mountain run. It run clear from up in Barley Creek there a ways, clear back to Pottses.

I remember the canyons we used to ride an' look down where we looked down into Fish Lake Valley. It was a valley on the other side, on the south side of Table Mountain. An' we'd look down in there when we'd be gathering cattle. Sometimes we'd ride down in the canyons in Clear Creek, an' Clover Creek, and Green Monster an' all those canyons. It was real rough country down there in the Fish Lake Valley. There was some big hay ranches down there.

I don't remember the people's names. I knew some of the Indians that lived over there. There was Wagon Johnny an' Doc Moore, an' some more of 'em had small ranches over there. An' the older people, I think their names was Mount. Then there was families by the name of Starkeys owned these places. But I never did know too much

about those ranches; only ride over there after cattle once in awhile. But we seldom got to those ranches. We just went in the canyons an' gathered the cattle an' run 'em home.

Table Mountain was one of the prettiest cow countries that there was an' one of the best cow ranges an' still is. But there is a lot of drawbacks to Monitor Valley. When people have ranches up there an' have children, there's no place to send them to school.

In the wintertime, the snow gets awful deep some winters. Sometimes we were snowed in for a couple o' months at a time, an' go right over the top of the barbed wire fence on snowshoes. Even the year that we built that little house down at Poverty Flats, the place we homesteaded. While we were buildin' down there, it was in real cold weather an' it come a bad snow storm. An' we were in tents buildin' the house down there, an' it was thirty below zero! An' we survived [Laughs]. I don't know how, but we did! But we were livin' in tents. I don't know; we didn't seem to notice it.

The year my mother had pneumonia we were snowed in at Barley Creek. An' we couldn't get her out of there. Couldn't get her out with the car. Couldn't get her out on the sleigh. The snow was so deep you couldn't even get the wagon out o' there. One of us kids rode horseback to Belmont an' some of the men in Belmont went down below Belmont to the phone. There was a phone down there on a pole somewhere for emergencies. An' they called up Tonopah, an' they called up Dr. McLeod. An' he came! Mama's brother-in-law brought him horseback. He came in a wagon as far as Belmont, an' then they had horses waiting for him. An' he rode ten miles through the snow. I don't know how many hours it took him, with his little ol' suitcase- he had it tied t' the saddle- an' brought medicine an' everything for my mother an' saved her life. Years later he told us he couldn't sit down.

[Laughs] for a week after that [Laughs]- ridin' horseback that far. 'Twas such a long ride, 'cause the horse had to go so slow, plowing its way through drifts, but wasn't that a faithful thing for a doctor to do? He rode ten miles to the ranch an' stayed all night, an' brought this medicine for my mother. He picked up other things he knew he'd need for pneumonia. Saved her life. I think the whole total cost he charged was fifty dollars for all that trip. His name was Dr. P. D. McLeod, M.D.

RANCH LIFE IN THE EARLY 1900S

You and your family purchased Barley Creek in the early 1900's. What was life like, in general, on the ranch and on the other ranches in that area at that time?

The first thing my parents started doin' was improvin' the place. The first winter my father was on that ranch, he grubbed willows an' sagebrush an' burnt off—I don't know how many acres of new land. An' he had this Indian, George Anderson. Well, Andy helped him an' they worked that ground in the wintertime. He'd make new fields new alfalfa fields. Then he fenced a new forty acres on the lower end of the ranch. Down there at the lower end he cut willows out, cleared out brush an' everything, an' made the most beautiful great big grass meadow, where he cut the biggest part of our grass hay.

An' up above the ranch, he cleared off brush. An' he put in a dam, an' cleared off a big place up there to plan' a big wheatfield we above the house, up in Barley Creek Canyon. An' he put this dam in an' then made a irrigation ditch along the hills. An' everybody used to tell him that he couldn't make water run uphill. They'd look at that ditch an' swear that the water [Chuckles] had to go uphill. We said, "It'll run in it." So he cleared off a big

place to plan' alfalfa up on the bench where you went over by the road that went to Pine Creek, we on that ridge. The boulders that he moved out with teams an' harrows, an' cleared off was terrific work where he went in to put this big alfalfa field up on the bench.

An' people come there an' they said, "Well, he's just working for nothin'. They'll never get water to run up that ditch. It's uphill!" So this one rancher, that swore that water'd never go over there, come later One year an' he saw this beautiful alfalfa field. The heaviest alfalfa that my dad had an' the prettiest alfalfa field was up on what he called the bench. An' the water was just running perfect. An' all through Monitor Valley they said, "That Mormon made water run uphill" [Laughs]. They called my dad 'the Mormon that made water run uphill to irrigate.[Laughs]'. They teased him about that.

But they did a lot of work. Mother, she'd get in an' help him, too. When us kids got older, we helped all we could, too. An' then they built chicken houses an' they built a big root cellar back in the hill—dug out back in the hills. An' then he cut cedar posts an' put an heavy ridge poles an' made a roof out of cedar posts. Covered it with wheat straw an' dirt. An' boy, that cellar, you could keep stuff in there.

Well, we kept our potatoes an' 'rutabagers' an' our cabbage. We had most everything we needed to eat in that cellar. It was way back in the hill an' it didn't freeze or anythin'. I can remember, after we was there a few years we had this big garden an' our cabbage, they'd hang it up by the roots to the ridge pole in that cellar. An' buried the carrots in sand an' they kept so nice; didn't wither or anythin'. An' big bins o' potatoes. There was our livin' right there. Then We'd raise pigs an' always butchered a big beef for winter—one of the biggest steers he'd have, or somethin' like that.

An' Mother had three big barrels, an' she'd make a barrel o' salt pork. She knew how to solution everythin'. First she'd peel the skin off of the pork an' render all the grease an' make big cans o' lard, an' she'd put up this salt pork an' then they had the cornbeef in another barrel. But just all your stuff like that that you raised. They just knew how to do those things in those days. She'd even make our big barrels of soap from grease an' lye an' I don't know what all she put in that. That made our washing soap; cut in big bars. I don't know how she did it all.

It's always been said that there were lots of rifles and guns and when you think of the West and ranching, you would think of all those things. What were the real purposes of these, and was it a blown-up situation? Was it really used for a good reason?

Yes, it was [Laughing] blown all out of sight, all right [Chuckles throughout]. We had lots of guns; we had two or three 30-30 rifles an' we had 20-gauge shotguns, 410 shotguns an' we had .22 rifles. Each of us kids had a .22 rifle an' that's what we hunted cottontails with in the wintertime. An' our shotguns we used to kill sagechickens in sagehen season, and ducks; everything like that for the table. Our rifles—we always used them in deer season; that was what the main purpose for them was. Daddy had one six shooter, an' the only time that six-shooter was ever used was when we had to butcher beef. He used that six shooter to knock 'em down with so that it'd kill 'em instan'ly. That's mostly what it was used for. I don't think it was ever shot hardly, outside of for that. Our rifles, we hunted deer; each one of the family, just about, had their own rifle. Oh, my sister didn't either. She never did hunt. She wasn't like me. She loved to chase deer out for me to kill, but she never did go much

for deer hunting herself, only the chasing out. But she did like to hunt cottontail rabbits.

But there was few years there that, when we rode, we all carried our rifles. That was the year when the rabies were so bad. The coyotes had the rabies. We shot every coyote we could see, to get rid of them, 'cause there was once a 'rabied' coyote came into the ranch right on the hill an' was fighting with our dogs. We had to kill our dogs—our good cow dogs—two of 'em. An' Daddy went out an' killed that 'rabied' coyote when he was fighting with the dogs out on the hill. Then one day I went out in the yard to do some of the chores and looked around an' here come a 'rabied' coyote. I took off on a run, an' I had to go by the wood pile to go around to get into the kitchen door to the house an' that 'rabied' coyote was right after me. I got in the house, an' practically slammed the screen door in that 'rabied' coyote's face. So that was one reason we kept guns where we could get 'em handy. That one that time that almost bit me—I got the gun in the house an' then couldn't get outside. I was scared to go right outside where it was an' it got away from me. An' the men come home an' they hunted all over for it, an' it'd got in the hog pen and bit some of our pigs an' they went 'rabie' an' we had to kill 'em. An' it bit a steer; the steer went 'rabie' an' we found the steer laying in a ditch on its back, hooking the bank, an' actin' so crazy an' it had the rabies an' we had to shoot it. It was terrible! Like these Kelseys I was telling you about—the Roscoe Kelseys that went to school with us kids. Well, his uncle, Little Kelsey, had a horse he called "Ol' Ceilum", an' it got bit by a 'rabied' coyote, an' he had to kill it. It went 'rabied'. His favorite saddle horse. It about broke his heart. But those were the things that—why they carried rifles. As far as to carry a gun to shoot anybody, I never knew

anybody that did [Laughing], outside of that Jack Longstreet [Laughs throughout].

An' that reminds me, too. My sister an' I used to set out trap lines whenever we was out where we could. We had a whole bunch of Victor traps an' we set out trap lines an' put out baits, an' catch coyotes. That was after the rabies was all over an' everything. I remember how proud we was, us kids; just think we'd get fifteen dollars apiece for the hides, an' that was pretty good money in those days. Sent 'em to the Northern Fur Company, an' we did pretty good trapping for a couple of girls [Laughs], raised like a couple of boys.

We did so many things that were so different from nowadays. We had a way of our own that we got by. We weren't as lucky as we are nowadays. We didn't have the fancy milk cows at the ranch, so whenever we got short o' milk cows, sister and I would go out, round up some of the cattle an' we'd find one of our Hereford-Durham heifers (range cows) that was fresh with a little baby calf and think that it might make a good milk cow. So we'd bring in a couple of 'em, rope 'em by the horns, tie em' up to the fence, put a rope on the hind foot, an' fish around until we got a pair a' strap cow hobbles on 'em, on their hind legs, an' then shove our heads in their flank an' start milkin' 'em. They couldn't kick you with the hobbles on 'em, as long as you shoved your head right up into their flank, you know, pushed on them. Sometimes we thought we'd get the top of our head kicked off [Laughs]. But we broke range cows for milk cows. I remember one time we was milking thirteen range cows in order to have enough milk and cream for milk for everybody to drink for the whole family, an' to make our own cottage cheese an' our own butter an' then have the skim milk to raise several pigs that we had. My dad used to laugh; he'd say, "Well, you kids, the milk cows [Laughs throughout],

some of 'em are going dry, you'd better go out an' break some more." He'd get the biggest kick out of us kids breaking those cows. There was sometimes we had maybe twenty-five or thirty head o' range cows broke to milk, and they give quite a lot of milk. But we had to have a lot of 'em because we had to let their calves have half of the milk to raise it. So we could only take half of the milk from them.

So that was so much different. But I guess we got, in the later years, a little bit more modern and maybe, should I say, more civilized. Then we'd go out and buy a couple o' good milk cows and put in with the range cows and that would bring the milk problem up a little bit. But it was funny how we got by in those days an' we were happy doing those things.

I remember another scrape I got into. On the other side of Barley Creek Summit we was drivin' a big herd o' cattle. And a little baby calf belonged to a big blue roan cow. It was little and it hid in the brush. I got off o' my horse to get it up an' make it keep going so it wouldn't hide an' we'd lose it. I turned around just as the old cow headed for me [Laughs], an' I couldn't get back on my horse—he kept whirling around and she was after me! She blew slobbers all over me before I got on my horse [Laughs]. She'd really hooked me good [Laughs]! Sure scared the dickens out o' me! [Laughs throughout] I think that was one day my goose bumps had goose bumps [Laughs].

You sure get into a lot o' things like that. I don't know, though, those days on the range it was fun. Emery an' I had such a lot of fun riding the range. There was something new happening every day. We used to get awful tired, an' my sister an' mother and I we worked as hard as the men, just like the men ridin' after the cattle. Did the same amount o' work as they did besides havin' to come home, maybe five or six o'clock at night, all'd pitch

in together an' get supper. Sometimes we'd have as high as fifteen or sixteen cowboys to cook for. We even baked bread at night, many a time when we got in a pinch, you know, an' didn't have a day to stay home.

But we were happy at that work! It was long, dusty days, but we were free out there on the range an' happy. We wasn't thinkin' of a lot o' troubles like we do nowadays. We didn't have no fancy hairdos in those days. I guess the best face powder we had was when we had alkali dust all over our face [Laughs]. But, it was a great life out there on the range. I guess I could talk forever on the things that happened. Emery just loved it. He always called it "God Country" when we'd get up there on the mountains. We'd always stop an' rest up on the mountains, an' rest our horses an' look around an' you'd see so many interesting things if you'd stop and watch for it.

You also mentioned once before to me, about the fact that you and your father used to butcher for Manhattan. Could you tell us more about that and who he did it for and the situation?

Yes, I was my dad's helper. He taught me to butcher from the time I was a little kid, an' he used to wan' me to help him butcher better than some of the men that helped him. I always helped my dad butcher. He butchered steers and hauled them into Manhattan to supply the White Caps' Boarding House and Francisco Store and Big May's Boarding House, and several other places in Manhattan there ordered their beef from my dad. In the earlier days he used to haul it with a team on a wagon, until he got a truck. An' then we was more modern; we took it in the truck. But he furnished those places a good many years with beef, and hauled quite a lot of beef

to Tonopah, too to the Mine Workers Store and Coleman's Grocery Store. But you got so much more out o' your beef steers when they were fat if you could butcher them and get a good price at the shops. An' then you could sell the hides—you had those left. You made better on some of the beef that way—better than you could get selling 'em on foot. I used to love to help my dad butcher. I was his main helper. An' my mother, she loved to help him butcher too. We just learned all those things. We had to, on the ranch. It was just a work, whether you was a woman or not, you had to learn those things.

I know that you grew wheat for several different things. How did you go about actually threshing it, and in what way did you use the wheat that you, grew up at Barley Creek?

Well, in the first place, we cut it just like you would alfalfa hay or anythin', an' let it dry fairly good an' then we stacked it like you would wheat. An' then after it all dried out good an' we had plenty of time, that was when we'd all get together an' work in the wheat a few days an' thrash enough wheat for seed wheat for the next spring an' so many sacks to feed the baby chicks and baby turkeys an' the chickens in cold weather when we couldn't let 'em out in the deep snow or anythin'. We had to have wheat that was stacked up, otherwise, we'd just throw the straw on the ground, so much of it, an' the chickens would have a lot of fun just scratchin' their feed out o' that.

But the way we went about threshing it. We swept out the big circle in the hay corral. The ground was pretty hard out there in the ol' hay corral. We swept off a big circle, probably twenty feet across the circle, an' set a big tie, about six or seven feet high, down in the center of it—dug a hole an' put it down solid. Then there was a hole drilled in the top o' that

with a great big bolt goin' down in it quite a ways. An' then the bolt came up, probably a foot above the top of it. They had a two-by-four with a hole drilled in it an' reinforced with a piece o' metal so it wouldn't split. That set up on top o' that bolt so that it spun around the two-by-four. I don't know how long that was on there, probably seven or eight feet long, that two-by-four. On the other end of it was a ring to hook the halter of a horse in.

So we put that thing all together, an' put down a big load of wheat, straw an' all, down on the ground 'til it was pretty deep. An' then we'd get the team. Put the harnesses on those big heavy horses. Tie the first horse's bridle—give it plenty o' play so it would be comfortable—to the ring. They had blinds on their harnesses so they wouldn't get scared. Then the other horse, off to the side, was hooked with his bridle and hamestrap tied loose enough that it had plenty ol' room to travel tied to the inner horse on the machine there. An' then us kids'd get a little willow, an' say "get up"—start the horses up for Daddy. An' we'd stand, one of us on one side an' one on the other, an' just keep the horses goin' say "get up, get up"—tap 'em with a little tiny willow once in awhile. If they got to goin' too fast, we'd slow 'em down, 'cause they'd get dizzy goin' round the circle. They'd tromp an' tromp an' tromp for about twenty minutes or somethin'.

By the time they got through goin' around there, those big heavy work horses, it didn't take long for 'em to thrash that wheat out on the ground. Then we'd stop an' take a pitchfork an' throw all the straw to one side, an' there on the ground would be all the wheat thrashed out. Then we would gather that up, an' put it all on a canvas an' after we got several batches of it, the dirt an' all, the wheat seeds an' everything, then we had an old thrashing machine we'd borrow from Pine Creek an' we'd

shovel that in the thrashing machine, an' this thrashing machine had little trays in it, an' the wheat'd go down in one place, the wheat seeds'd go in another an' the fan, when it was goin', whirling around there, would blow all the dirt an' everything out an' it'd leave the wheat pretty clean!

That's the way Daddy an' us got our seed wheat for the next year all the time. We only thrashed enough of it for that, an' the other we just fed to the chickens—just throw it off of the stack like you was feeding cattle, an' they had a lot o' fun scratching through it, an' gettin' their feed that way. But I thought it was a pretty clever way to get the wheat. But we did everything! I don't guess we had the fancy stuff the people have nowadays for those things. They have these big thrashing machines goin' through the fields an' doin' all that for 'em. But we did things the hard way, an' it was fun [Chuckles]. We got it done [Laughs].

You've also mentioned at times that you used candles and gasoline lamps and lan'erns in your house for lighting at night. Were there any other types of lighting available for you at that time?

Well, we had the Rochester coal oil lamps. Then later on, we got a couple o' gasoline lan'erns. They throwed a pretty good light. An' for years—candles are so dangerous to catch stuff on fire, but we used 'em. Everybody used them on the ranches.

Then in later years, I don't know what year it was, my daddy heard someone talkin' about that you could put in a nice carbide light system way out in the country that way, so he got busy an' looked into it an' he bought this carbide light plan. An' the way it was fixed—it was set up it the yard out quite a ways from the kitchen, down like a septic tank. It was a pretty good-sized big tank in there, an' I can't

explain exactly how it was made, but it had what they called a 'breather' in it. You filled that breather every so often full o' carbides—dry carbides—an' you put so many gallons of water, whatever the instructions called for, down in the bottom of the big tank an then this breather, full of carbides, set down in there, an' then it had a tight lid went over it an' a big heavy plank cover so never anybody could cave it in—any stock get in there an' cave it in.

An' then the gas was piped out of it just like it would be out of propane. It was piped into the house, into every room, an' it come from the ceiling—little chandeliers in every room. I think most of 'em had two lights on 'em, far enough up that children couldn't touch 'em or anythin', but a grown person could reach up there on these little chandeliers. An' the way you lit 'em, you turned a little valve an' at the same time lit a match an' it lit just like a pilot on a stove. It showed a pretty good light when there was two of 'em. An' they was so nice and clean.

An' then there was one place where it was piped into the dining room wall, so far up on the wall, an' it was an attachment on there—it had a good safety on it, where you screwed in a carbide iron to iron with. An' it had a flexible hose on it, the carbide iron did. It was fixed solid in the wall, this fixture that you had to put it on there good and tight onto the end of the hose to the iron, so it wouldn't be loose. An' then you'd turn the gas on an' then light your carbide iron. An' we ironed with that carbide iron. I can't remember whether it was regulated so that you could turn it down so it wouldn't get too hot.

It's been so long, so many years since I ironed with it! But, boy, that was handy! It was so nice!

I think it was about once a year Daddy had to buy so many pounds—I don't know

whether it was twenty-five pounds or fifty pounds or more than that—sack o' dry carbide, and he'd have to pump out the old milky-lookin' water about once a year. It'd look like milk when the carbide water got all mixed up in it. They'd have to pump it all out, an' do away with it. Put all new water an' new carbide—clean it out every so often.

But that was really somethin'! We thought we was really somethin' when we had those carbide lights, an' they're still in the house at Barley Creek. I imagine they still use that carbide plan? It was pretty handy. They didn't give near the light that electric lights do or anythin', but still they were better than coal oil lamplight. For close work when someone was workin' and' needed real good light at night, we had a gas lan'ern wed set on the ol' dinin' room table, like when I used to like to draw pictures [Chuckles].

Oh, that really sounds like an effective system.

Yeah, it was. It's still there. I'm sure the people are probably still using it. It really was handy.

Another thing, when we got our first radio—we got a pretty nice radio, the best we could buy. An' we was always running out o' batteries—the battery was always runnin' down. So Mother, she heard about this little wind charger you could send and get, so they sent an' got this little wind charger an' it looked like a little tiny windmill, an' they set it up close to the front room out in the front yard an' the wind'd blow that little wind charger an' it charged the battery on the radio, steady all the time. Sometimes we'd charge the batteries on the cars. I guess that little wind charger is still there at Barley Creek, too. It was a cute little thing. I got a picture of it somewhere, in the yard where we took pictures of Mom and Daddy out there an' they're standing, I think,

by that little wind charger. It was out in the front yard an' then they built a fence around it so nothing could bother it. Kept our radio goin' all the time.

How did you do some of the daily chores that you would need to do on the ranch? For example, washing the clothes, how would you manage to do them with your busy schedule?

Well, years ago we kinda' did it the hard way. We graduated from one thing to somethin' better all the time, seemed like. Our first washin' machine was two big old galvanized tubs and washboards, whach took lots of elbow grease an' a sweaty brow on us when we was washing those clothes. Then came the day when Daddy bought an old wooden tub washing machine. Up at the top of it, it had cogs that turned around and around on it. An' you'd lift up the lid, an' this old wooden dasher was attached to the lid up there. An' then it had a big wheel on the side of it and you sat there and turned it an' turned it by hand, like you was churnin' butter. But it washed the clothes pretty good. It would rub agin' that, and it'd swish back an' forth just like any washing machine if you turned it by hand. Then it had an old hand wringer on it that you had to turn by hand. Old hard rubber rollers on it. But we thought that was great after graduating from the tubs to that [Chuckles]! An' after we had that a long time, we was sure thrilled one time when Daddy went into Tonopah, an' he went down in one of the stores and he saw these Maytag washing machines, big aluminum ones they had, and run with gas motors. So he didn't say anythin' to the family. He come home with this beautiful big old aluminum Maytag washing machine, run with a gasoline motor! The wringer an' the whole thing ran off o' the motor, just like these electrical ones. An' we

had that—it was still at the ranch when we left there. I think my mama give it to my sister, to use over on the Hot Creek Ranch.

There's only one thing I can really remember about that. I was so proud of that old Maytag washer, an' one day Mama was turned around doin' somethin' in the old wash house, an' I started to put the clothes through the wringer. It went pretty fast. It had hard wringers on it, the hard rollers, not the soft ones we have nowadays. I was washin' dish towels, an' I reached down in there an' got a dish towel, an' they had a lot o' strings hangin' out of 'em. We was cleaning flour sacks to make dish towels out of. String wrapped around my finger an' jerked my fingers into that wringer, run them clear up to—it almost stopped the motor on that machine. I started yellin' an' screamin' an' I couldn't reach the motor thing to turn the gas motor off. Mother saw what happened, an' she reached down an' shut the motor off. An' my hand was still in this old wringer. You had to hammer it—it was two long pieces of metal along the wringer an' you had to hit one hard with your hand, and the wringer would fly apart in case somethin' got hung up in it. Anyway, [chuckles], my poor old hand was sure black. My fingers looked just like they was squashed, an' my mother took me in the house an' soaked 'em in cold water. They wasn't broke [Chuckles]. They was just squashed, but whatever kept them from mashin' the joints in my fingers ... Oh, that really hurt.

I sure watched my hands ever' since then in the wringers in the machines I used. I think it just had the three fingers, but it started makin' the motor almost die on the machine. If my mother hadn't been there I don't know what would've happened. Guess I'd o' really got a broken hand out o' that deal, 'cause I was in such misery an' couldn't reach down where you shut the motor off. But it still was a good washing machine, an' I learned to keep

my fingers where they belonged when I was puttin' clothes through it. Another lesson I learned the hard way.

OUR WORK SCHEDULE AT THE RANCH

Well, Carol, your question concerning our work schedule when we lived on the Barley Creek Ranch in Monitor Valley, about what our hours generally were. This is kind of a hard question to answer, but I'll do my best to explain it. First of all, we always got up at five o'clock. Our hours depended on what time of the year it was.

During the summer when we were riding up in the mountains after the cattle, we were up long before daylight. An' at sunrise we were well on our way up in the mountains where the cattle ranged. A round trip up on top of Table Mountain and back was about thirty-five miles or more. I often used to wish I had a speedometer on my horse's legs so I would know just how far I traveled in a day.

Not all our cow range was that far from the ranch. But in those days we rode fifteen or twenty miles at least. Our range was about twenty miles long and probably fifteen or twenty miles wide, and all rough canyons, an' mountains, an' thick timber. Sometimes we got home with a bunch o' cattle at five or six o'clock in the evening. Many times eight or nine o'clock at night! It depended on where we found the cattle we went after.

That was why July and August we used to camp up in Cottonwood Canyon for a month or six weeks. An' get a lot of craning of the summer calves done, and blabbing the big calves. Our Cottonwood Camp was about eight miles up on the cow range, which made our rides a lot shorter to take care of the cattle when we camped up there.

We did things so much different than most of the cowboys nowadays. They have big

trailers, haul their saddles and horses almost to where the cattle are ranging. Then have corrals and chutes in many places, and load up the big bunches of cattle and bring them home the easy way. Not so with us. We had no trailers—no roads up in the Table Mountain area. We did it the hard way but enjoyed our work on the range.

The last few years we lived up there we did graduate from pack horses to Dad's old Dodge truck he made into a chuck wagon. We used it on cattle drives to the railroad in Tonopah to deliver the cattle we'd sell. An' also on the spring roundups, along with pack horses when we went down Stone Cabin Valley on our winter range, when we went to bring the cattle home. We'd also hauled quite a few 'leppy' calves home in it that'd get tired.

Once again this was the time of year our hours were from daylight until dark, most every day for about six weeks in April and part of May. Then came the ranch work: irrigating, haying, and ordinary ranch chores. Hours from five until sundown most all the time. We took time off to go fishing a lot an' hunting when the seasons were open, like hunting sagehen an' cottontails—different seasons. We'd always take those in. Or a day off to go to Belmont, Manhattan or Tonopah or to some of the other ranches an' visit our friends. Being our own boss was the good part of that life.

Then in the fall roundup. The big one lasted about a month or six weeks in the months of September an' October. That was when we got up before we woke up [Chuckles]. Daylight 'til dark. That's when all the cowboys met at our place to ride an' everyone gathered their cattle on the mountains to get the beef to sell, an' to wean the weaner calves. An' head all of the rest of the herd over the mountains towards the winter range.

Boy, what a noisy time of the year that was for a week or so. About three hundred weaner calves all bellerin' in the fields—what a racket they made! They were just a short distance from the house, too. But somehow you kinda' liked the noise they made. They all had different soundin' voices. Some of them bellered 'til they'd get laryngitis. All they could do was squeak. Sure was hard to get any sleep for a few nights. Some nights when I was real tired I remember yankin' my pillow [Chuckles] out from under my head, an' putting it on top of one side of my head over my ear to deaden the sound of 'em 'til I could drop off to sleep [Chuckles].

The winter time was the shortest work hours. We had the cows to milk. Cattle an' chickens an' hogs to feed. An' wood to work up for summer. Always in the fall we all get together and get the big team and wagon, and go up in Wood Canyon. An' go up on the hillsides, an' we'd hitch up a horse to the logs and "snake 'em" down the hill to the wagon where we could load them. Then all the men would split the logs so they wouldn't be too heavy to load on the wagon. We'd get about ten big loads of wood every fall so we could work it up during the winter. Once we got the wood back to the ranch, then during the winter we'd put the logs on sawbucks and use a two-man-saw to cut them up so we'd have enough wood for the summer and the whole year. We still got up about five o'clock. Went to bed fairly early. No T. V. in those days. Just a phonograph an' later a radio.

An' on nice sunny days in the winter we made horsehair ropes—mecates—of all kinds. Sometimes we played horseshoes, an' many times my sister an' I'd set out traps, and trap quite a few coyotes to make spare money during the winter.

We did lots of sewing in the cold winter days, an' Mama made quilts. She carded the

wool that we'd sheared off of our pet sheep, us kids had. An' made such nice warm quilts for the winter. No electric blankets in those days. Just a hot water bottle wrapped up in a flour sack at the foot of the bed to get the chill off the bed. An' it sure worked good.

Daddy caught up on lots of work during the winter: building fences and corrals and sheds for the cattle. And lots of odd jobs. There's always something to do on a ranch in your spare time. When the days are shortest—that was when our work hours eased up and we worked less hours during winter.

We did lots of odd jobs like butcherin' hogs. An' Mama made big barrels of salt pork, and cans of lard an' pans o' head cheese. An' we butchered a couple o' beef, and made barrels of corned beef and dried jerky. We did this twice a year, in late fall and in the early spring, around March or the first part of April. It kept our supply of meat up all the time.

This is about the way we worked spring, summer, fall and winter—different work in the different seasons. Our gettin' up time was always five o'clock though. Daddy was the best alarm clock there was. He'd make the fires in the stoves. An' if he thought any of us was still asleep, he'd accidentally on purpose drop an old tin pan on the floor to make sure he'd woke us up [Chuckles] He'd find some way to make a noise an' then laugh about it. He was a great guy, that dad of mine.

Years later when Emery and I and Wanda moved to Fallon an' lived on our ranch, out in Sheckler—for eleven years our hours were very much the same. Five o'clock until sundown, most of the year, as I explained earlier in this story. It depended on what type of work we took on to do. It depended on the work as to what hours we put in. That's about as much as I can explain what our hours were, Carol. This is kinda repeating some of what's already in the story, but I hope it will work out.

During your days up on Barley Creek Ranch, I know that your routine varied from day, to week, to month, an' to season. But, say for example, what would a day be like during the Sumner when you'd go out on the range? What would start your day and how would you end your Day?

Well, the first thing we'd do—we'd all get up and have our breakfast together. An' I can still see my mom and dad. He'd always go cut bacon and put in on to cook. An' Mama, she'd get the hot cakes agoin'. An' all of us together workin'. My sister and I'd make up the beds, maybe. An' all hurryin' at the same time.

An' lots of times an Indian lady, Jenny Anderson, that lived on the ranch there—the Indian family she'd always eat breakfast with us. An' if we were in a hurry she always took o'er the dishes and did the dishes 'fore we got our horses saddled up an' get goin'.

An' if we'd think we was gonna' be gone all day, we would make us a lunch of some kind. We always had a clean flour sack tied behind our saddles. An' make us a sandwich. Mama always kept a big batch o' cookies cooked up—we called 'em rocks. Real nice cookies that didn't fall to pieces, an' there was walnuts and raisins. An' you could pack 'em all day, and they'd still be nice an' fresh and soft. And we'd take bread and butter and make a meat sandwich—a boiled meat sandwich, or roast beef sandwich if it wasn't too hot o' weather. Maybe sometimes we'd take a can o' sardines. It didn't matter too much to us, just as lot as we had a bite to eat. [Chuckles].

An' when we were down at the creek, if we didn't have our little foldin' aluminum cup with us, we'd drink like cows right out o' the ditch [Chuckles] An' hope you didn't swallow a hellgrammite as you was drinkin'! [Chuckles]

What's a hellgrammite?

Those are little bugs, that make a little gravel-rock shell around theirself, an' they'd come out of it an' drag themselves around with their little feet. They're in all the ditches in the mountains. I don't know how I'd explain it to you—they're just kinda' like a big an' or somethin' in these little shells.

There were times, too, if we had plenty o' time, an' we wanted to give ourselves a treat, we'd cut some ribs off o' the beef. Cut little cubes across't em. You know how they fix 'em fancy. Put salt and pepper on 'em. Wrap 'em up in a nice clean sack. An' if we had time on the trail we'd stop and cut a big ol' dry willow, an' run it through the ribs, and make a little fire and roast 'em. We had a pocketknife each—cut off the meat. Then you would have a bread and butter sandwich, or whatever we had with us. We never did the same things twice with those things [Chuckles]. It just depended on how far we had to ride. If you wanted to take a little while off, an' cook meat, we could, if we decided we wanted to do that.

But most of the time, we just took maybe a can of sardines, or make a sandwich, or cookies—sometimes, a pocketful of jerky. An' if it was in pinenut season, we always had a pocketful or two of pinenuts with us [Chuckles]. I don't know what else, Carol, I could tell you about that.

Anyway, when we got home—we never knew what time we would get home. It depended on what cattle we went after, and what we had left, we hadn't done. Sometimes we'd get in at four or five o'clock and sometimes it was after dark. Then we would all get together and do the chores, milk the cows. Maybe Mother would go in and start supper while I helped do the milkin' an' chores. Help feedin' the horses an' puttin' them away in the barns, an' in the corrals.

But when we came in then we had our big supper, an' did the dishes, our day was over. An' we was ready to sit down and rest. An' we kinda' went to bed early in those days, we didn't stay up very late.

WATER, WINDMILLS AND WELLS

When we first moved on to that ranch, we didn't have any running water in the house either. Then Mother and Daddy, they got together and got to figurin' they could put up a windmill and a tank up back in the calf pasture at a nice cold spring that was comin' out by the ditch. And put down a small well, and boxed it all in nice, and put up a windmill, an' dug a trench that went clear down through the cow corral, way down deep in the ground to the house. An' Mother put in a sink. An' that way we had water piped into the house. We didn't have any modern bathroom or anythin' like that, but at least we had running water in the house.

An' before that we had to carry a lot of the water from the ditch, when the water was good and high, and things like that. We had a well right outside the door, a nice cold well with good water. And there for years we had a kind of a wheel—a windlass wheel. It had two big five-gallon cans on this wheel. One'd go down and fill up with water, while we would draw it up with this rope, pull it up. An' as you pulled it up the other bucket went down to fill up. An' we used that for years. An' that was kinda' a hard way of gettin' water. But it was good water in the well.

Then finally they put a handpump in that same well—boxed it in some way. I can't remember just how they did it. And we could pump water by hand. An' it was all different from nowadays, where we got all this runnin' water an' bathrooms an' all that stuff.

Then on our great big Universal stove—it had what they called a built-in reservoir on it.* I can't remember how many gallons of water that big built-in, heavy, castiron reservoir really held. But it held quite a lot of water. As long as you had a good wood fire in that stove, you had good hot water in that big reservoir. Not to cook with or anything. Just to wash dishes. We had enamel and tin dishpans. We would also, when we got to where we were ready to eat supper, we'd fill a big pan of water, and put it on the stove to be heatin' while we was eatin' (for dishwater). Just had kind of a certain way of doing things.

And when it come to baths, the men generally had their baths Saturday night. We either bathed in the house or out in the wash house, just outside the place. There was an old stove in there too, to put on a big boiler of water and heat bath water in there. But we didn't have any bathtubs. We had these great big washtubs to wash clothes in. An' that's what we bathed in. So you couldn't take a shower up there on those ranches [Chuckles].

The men generally just took their bath once a week, unless they was in terrible dirty work, like plowin' or something like that. Depended on how dirty they got if they'd take a bath [Chuckling throughout].

In each bedroom they had these big bowls sets of big pitchers of water that they always kept. We didn't have a bathroom to go wash our hands and face. Got up in the morning, an' if you wanted to wash in cold water for freshenin' up, it was there. An' we just tried to keep water in them.

An' we'd take an' pack the water in the bedroom or wherever we took our baths. Most of the time we had the kitchen closed up. We'd close all the doors up, and each take our baths

*See Collected papers.

in there. Not very handy, but it worked out [Chuckles].

RAWHIDE CORRALS

In some of the pictures that you have shown me of your father's ranch and the scenes of you working with the horses in the corral, I've seen some corrals that were not made in the regular manner. Could you tell us some of the different ways your father made corrals and what he used to make them with?

Well, like if he was making a round corral or square corral. Well, first of all, he'd dig a trench, pretty deep. Well, I don't know just how many feet deep. Then he'd cut cedar posts, heavy cedar posts. Get a permit to go cut the posts. He'd set those all close as he could together in this trench.

An' then he would get a heavy willow or cottonwood, one o the two, most of the time some big heavy willow an' put so far up on the fence. An' then he would cut up cowhides or mustang hides, anything that he had in hides, and take half loops around that willow an' the cedar posts while the hide was damp. Or if it was an old hide, he'd soak it in water, an' cut it up in strips, and lash it by looping it around the willow an' the post. An' then when it dried, it shrank, an' those posts, you couldn't even budge 'em. That stayed on there for years. It was stronger than wire on a corral. That's the way we built things in those days.

RANCH HANDS

You also mentioned before that your father had several different ranchhands working for him. Could you tell us a little bit about them?

Well, the man that worked for him most of all was George Anderson, the Indian that

had the family that lived on our ranch, an' the children went to school with me. He worked for my father more than anyone. They lived right there on the ranch with us. They had their camp up on the hill above our house.

An' then there was other times that he'd have to hire extra hair now an' then durin' the roundup. He'd get Ed Hughes, an' Jim Hughes, his brother from Belmont—one or the other of them, an' probably'd work for a month for him at a time. An' then durin' the winter he used to hire Doc Moore for a few months. He was an Indian from Fish Lake Valley. An' he'd break horses for my father durin' the winter, rein them, an' get them started so my dad could use them.

An' we had an Indian boy by the name of Nelson Sam. We really thought as much of him as we did the family. Here's a cane, a walkin' stick, he carved out of a piece of willow—'bout four feet long. He pulled it out of the fence at Barley Creek—an old piece of dry willow. An' he started carving on it. Of all things he's got carved on it (he made it for Emery an' Wanda [Leafy's daughter] an' I—gave it to us all). At the top of it he's got it carved like a barber pole, an' then he's got a whole bunch of brands. He's got the Lazy DJ iron, an' he's got the Diamond W iron, quarter circle Five (5) MF connected brandin' iron, and the XL King's brandin' iron, the PJ, Bar M, Rockin' chair or Rockin' Hat. Then he's got a horse-head carved on there, an' then he's got a cow skull. An' then he's got a wildflower, an' then he's got Barley Creek on it. An' he put on there the "Nevada Ramblers—Emery, Leafy, and Wanda." An' he carved on there—"You are always in my dreams." Then he's got a cowboy boot that's got X Half-Diamond—Wanda's brand. It's carved on the boot for design. Then he's got a cowboy hat, an' then he's got a heart, diamond, club an' spade all kinda'

connected. He's got his name Sammy, an' he drew a monkey climbin' a tree. Then he put a rattlesnake, then a five-point star, an' the date that he was carving it—May 6, 1939.

Nelson was a very dear friend of ours. I've kept this stick that he made for us, an' I've had it for forty years. We still see him here in Fallon every now an' then. Comes down to the Indian rodeo. Had a nice visit we did, down the restauran', my daughter an' I, with him. I don't know how anyone could carve so much on a stick as he did this one. He carved stuff kinda' in a circular way—around an' around on at. Anyway, I always thought a lot of that old stick 'cause it was from Barley Creek, an' he carved it for us. I guess it'll be kept in the family on down through the years as a little souvenir of Barley Creek Ranch. Some of the family will still keep it.

An' durin' hayin' time was when he hired different people. Sometimes he'd go into Manhattan, an' hire someone, pick someone up that wanted work. He used to get Andy Draper, a fella' to help in hayin' time. An' then Andy Piano was an old man that lived with us all the time. Almost from the time that we bought the Barley Creek Ranch. He didn't have any family. He'd come from Genoa, Italy, an' he met my family in Ellendale. An' he fell in love with the whole family, an' he come an' asked if he could make his home with us. He didn't wan' wages or anythin'. He just wanted to live with us, an' work for his board. So my dad'd buy his clothes, an' give him his board an' his room, an' every so often he'd give him twenty or twenty-five dollars when he'd go to town to buy him little knickknacks that he wanted. But he lived with us just like one of the family until he got sick, an' been taken to Tonopah Hospital. An' he died years later; I can't remember what year it was. An' when we'd go away an' we'd have to leave him alone, we had another old man we'd hire when he got

old so we wouldn't have to leave him alone. This old man was Bill O'Connell. He'd stay there, an' we'd hire him for a while, too.

Oh, there's quite a few others. Then Joe Borrego, one of the cowboys that worked for my dad for a while, an' I later married this cowboy, Joe Borrego. I could go on an' on, I guess, thinkin' back of different ones that he hired, at different times. Another one by the name o' Louie Myers, a young boy that used to come an' work for a few months at a time.

OUR SPECIAL HORSES

My sister and I each had a lot o' horses, an' the special horse that I remember was Pinkey. I had him for twenty-three years.

An' I also broke a pretty black horse. I called him Banner an' I later bold him to a cowboy by the name of Wes Blair. An' he sold him to Lee Henderson in Tonopah, an' up until just a few years back—I don't know how old that horse was—but that horse led the parade in Tonopah. He was a beautiful black horse. I broke him myself.

He's the one that I told you when I was teaching him tricks—when my mother took my picture—just as she snapped the camera, he bucked me off as high as the corral fence [Chuckles]. It didn't hurt me, but it sure hurt my pride [Laughs]! I was mad an' I went over an' caught him an' got back on him an' taught him who was boss [Chuckling throughout].

An' then there was Keno. He was a pretty buckskin horse that we got out of a rodeo, He was a nice colt an' they was spurrin' him an' tryin' to make a rodeo horse out o' him an' he didn't wan' to buck or anythin'. An' I felt sorry for him so I walked over an' asked this man that owned the rodeo stock if he'd trade him to me for a real ol' mean outlaw that none of us could ride out at Monitor Valley, so he did.

So I got this horse, an' took him home, an' he made one of the finest saddle horses we ever had. I gave him to my dad on Christmas Day, an' he was my dad's favorite horse up until the time my dad passed away—he still had that horse—his favorite horse.

An' then there was Spider. He was a big buckskin I had; a big, tall, pretty kind of a sorrel buckskin. I used him a lot for ropin'—when I helped with ropin' the calves for brandin'.

An' then there was Snap. He was a pretty gray—kind of a silver gray—tall horse with a silver mane, He was really a good cow horse, an' he was real snappy—was why we called him Snap. You had to be a little bit careful of him. He was flighty, an' he was a real good cow horse, but he was awful shy at stuff.

One day when I was runnin' some cattle down in the flats, tryin' to turn them through the sagebrush, a big rattlesnake buzzed alongside the bush where I was runnin' through there. He shied away out there—an' boy—I left the saddle an' went way down on the side an' I don't know how I ever got back on him, only it was—I was so scared! An' I lost my hat right by the snake [Chuckles]!

Did you leave it there?

No, finally—I was almost off of him, or, I thought I was goin' to hit the ground—but I guess I was so scared, I did trick ridin', or somethin' but I got back on him, an' I never could figure out how I did it [Chuckles throughout].

But anyway, I got him stopped, an' we went back. We was both spooky; went back to get my hat that fell off by the snake, an' I stopped to see if I could kill the snake an' he went down in a hole—a gopher hole, an' got away from me. But it was real spooky when I had to go back there, an' get off of that horse an' get my hat.

So, a person goes through a lot o' strange things when you roamed the range from the time you were a kid. So many things, you wonder how you come through them alive.

I know I was racin'—ridin' a bay mare called Ol' Birdie, an' there was a boy by the name of Richie Martin, from Eureka. An' my sister and I, we started racin' down through the fields—was goin' down to get the milk cows out of the pasture. So we decided we'd race down the road. An' somehow, I hadn't cinched her tight enough, an' my saddle turned an' she drug me [Laughs]. I could see that mare's hoof gain' past my head. She never did step on me, an' finally my foot come out o' the stirrup, an' I fell off in the grass, an' I wasn't hurt. But I scared them 'bout to death. That's the first time I ever got drug in all the years I rode. Then I was embarrassed again. Somethin' happenin' to me in front of somebody. But when you get drug—that's one of the worst things that can happen to you—but how she kept—she didn't try to kick me or anything. She just kept arunnin'. But I didn't get hurt.

Sine was another pretty horse I had. Wanda's dad, Joe Borrego, he broke him. Then I taught him tricks. Had him so he'd shake hands, an' taught him to dance. Got pictures of him in the album there of him dancin' with me. He did quite a few tricks. He'd lay down far me to get on him. He was a real beautiful bay horse—a real good cow horse.

Then there was Jim, kinda' a big, tall, black horse. He weighed about fourteen or fifteen hundred. He was a beautiful big horse, an' he was herd to climb on. He was tall. I had a hard time gettin' on him, he was so tall. But he was a wonderful horse I used when I went huntin', too, as well as a good saddle horse. Seemed like he'd watch the deer when I was shootin' at 'em—an he wasn't a bit scared of shootin'. But after you got one down an' he'd

smell blood, you couldn't get him nowheres near it! Hed just snort [Laughs]. He was the worst bronco you ever saw [Laughs]! He liked to watch the fun o' killin' the deer, I guess. But he didn't wan' anythin' to do with you packin' one on him.

Then there was little Wildcat, a little white horse we called the wrangle horse. He's the one that kicked me in the barn one night, walkin' in the dark. An' he boosted me across the barn an' into the manger an' broke my thumb one night. Had a lot of funny experiences with these horses. Then there was a pretty bay horse called Chappo. He was one off my favorites. He was really a really good mountain horse.

An' then my dad had a pretty horse I rode all the time. His name was Dewey, a big bay horse. I rode him a lot when I was a kid, 'til I was grown up. An' we had a little single-footer, Teddy, another one of my favorites. He was a real nice little horse. He was a little bit touchy. On cold mornin's when you'd saddle him up, thered be a hump under your saddle. You had to watch him close, but as soon as he got warmed'up, he was all right. He was a good little cow horse.

An' we had Dash, he was a pretty black horse with a white face. He was the one that I gave Emery, my second. husband, After we were married, I gave Dash to him an' that was his favorite cow horse. I'll go into that later.

Then we had Ol' Sun. He was a big sorrel horse. We could ride him or we could hook him u, my sister an' I, to a little cart. We'd go to town to get the mail or got groceries for Mama, to Belmont. We'd go there an' back in a day, a twenty mile trip. We had a lot of fun with him; he was a good horse. Then we had Roamer, he was a beautiful big bay horse. He was another one o' Emery's favorites.

Later on in the story, I'll go into this, where I wrote my Western Poems books in

1965 an' 1967. I wrote a lot of poems. Special poems about these horses, which I'll go into later on in my story.

Then we had Kiddo. He was a pretty sorrel horse with a white spot on his head. He was a real good cow horse, but hed kick you when hed get a chance. You had to watch him. Another one that kicked me, an' broke my foot. But he was still nice; it was my fault, 'cause a chicken scared him when I was pullin' his shoes off an' he kicked me an' broke my foot, but I still loved him. I had a sorrel horse with a flax mane an' we called him Ol' Flax. He was another old favorite.

Oh, I had so many horses! I had a big roan horse we called Ol' Pine—we bought him from someone; I don't know who. He was a good saddle horse. Anyway, we called him Ol' Pipe, 'cause he was branded with a pipe brandin' iron. It was a pipe iron they called it, like a pipe that the man smoked. It was the shape of that, so we called him Ol' Pipe when we got him.

Oh, I could name horses, over an' over an' over, so many, but these were just a few of the special ones. We had lotsa horses. I not only rode my own horses, but shared with my nephew, Melvin Filippini. I rode other cowboys' horses, my dad's horses, sister's horses. V/e just shared our horses. We all had lotsa good horses.

SPRING ROUNDUP

Where we really had all the horses an' had 'em together an' had the great time, was when we'd go on the roundup an' the spring down Stone Cabin Valley. That was forty miles away. We made that in one day. We'd leave Barley Creek an' go down to Stone Cabin Ranch, where we started the roundup. That was a long ride behind horses, an' we'd have a big "cavvy" of horses, when everybody got their

horses together. We were all so happy ridin' in that dust. It was just great! The more dust, I think, the happier we was. We'd go drivin' those horses, an' we had two or three with packs on, with our beds, and big kayaks full of food. Had two or three of the horses with pack saddles and these big kayaks of food an' beds on top of 'em. An' that's the way we carried all our cooking utensils an' everythin' in the early days to go on the roundup. An' the biggest part of the day we was talkin' who owned the best cow horses. We was travelin' along behind that bunch of fast pack horses [Laughs]. It didn't seem like it was as hard o' work as most people'd think. Nowadays, they have their trailers to put the horses in, an' go with 'em to where they wan' to ride. But we did all that—we rode that far to go where we needed to. Sometimes we'd be gone ten days on the roundup, sometimes two weeks. Round up all the cattle with everybody an' then down around Stone Cabin Valley, then head them for home. Everybody'd part their cattle off. The ones that ranged their cattle up with us, we'd all bring the cattle home together. It took about four or five days after we left Stone Cabin before we got them home to Barley Creek. We'd camp at different places. There was one place, an old dry farm where we held the cattle an' we'd camp. Some of the places we had to camp, we had to hobble the horses an' turn the cattle loose an' gather them up the next mornin' an' hope our horses didn't break the hobbles an' go home [Chuckles]. You had lots to think of [Chuckles]. It was really fun. We enjoyed it. Sometimes you couldn't tell what we looked like by the end o' the day, we had so much dirt on us, an' I guess, if all the healthy dirt that we ate was put together- all us cowpunchers'd [Laughs] build a good sized little hill—the dirt we eat in our lifetime [Laughs throughout]. Didn't seem to hurt us. We were healthy anyway.

Up in Monitor Valley when we sold our beef cattle, it was different than down [in Fallon where we later moved to ranch]. And we didn't have a truck of our own, an' trailers to haul 'em, so we had to drive our cattle clear to Tonopah, three-day drive. Drive 'em to the railroad after the cow buyer'd come an' buy 'em. Once I remember when Joe Raffetto bought our cattle, Emery and I an' my nephew, we drove the cattle to Tonopah. It took three days. We loaded 'em that evening that we got there. An' then the next morning we got up bright an' early 'cause we had to hurry back to the ranch—things that was necessary to do there. An' it was sixty miles home. An' we got a wild idea that we could make it clear home! [Chuckles].

So we left 'bout daylight in the mornin', an' about midnight we arrived at Barley Creek, sixty miles! [Chuckles]. We never did that again, regardless of how we was pushed for time. But it was one of those things; we figured that the stock would be sufferin' at home. An' so much to be done. We was so tired [Chuckles], we could o' just dropped dead [Chuckles]. The horses seemed to stand it better than we did, only I kinda' crippled my horse agallopin' him on the hard road at times when we'd get 'em up to a gallop, and make good time. That's a long ways—sixty miles. We was used to always ridin' thirty or forty miles; we thought nothin' of that. But that was the longest ride we ever took!

I remember one spring when Emery and my nephew Melvin Filippini an' daughter Wanda an' myself—the four of us, we headed for the roundup. We had our cavvy of horses. Had two or three pack horses, all our kayaks full of food, sides o' bacon and everythin' else [Chuckles], that went along with the campin' outfit.

We was goin' down McCann Station Canyon, and an ol' spooky pack mare we

had ... I don't know, somethin' happened, an' we didn't get her cinched quite tight enough. Goin' down McCann Station Canyon, the pack started to turn an' that ol' spooky mare—she started buckin'! An' down through the high sagebrush she went! An' the farther that pack turned on her the more stuff she lost! She was loaded with the kayaks full o' canned food, an' couple o' sides of bacon— a camp bed was tied over all of it. Well, after we finally caught her—after she'd bucked down through the rocks an' the brush there for about a mile—we finally caught her, an' all she had left on her was the bell she had around her neck, an' some part of the pack saddle. She had bucked everythin' off! Scattered it through the great big high sagebrush and rocks.

So after we caught her we went back agatherin' up our stuff [Chuckles]. An' we found canned stuff everywhere! When it hit the rocks some of it was bent up so bad we almost needed a fancy new-fangled can opener to open the stuff. An' the bed was the only thing we didn't have a hard time findin'—the big ol' camp bed in the tarp. That was easy to find. But do you know we lost one side of bacon, an' we searched for it as long as we dared, 'cause we had a long way to keep goin' to get to Stone Cabin. An' we never did find our one side o' bacon. I guess a coyote come along an' he had himself a good meal [Chuckles]. Boy, we was pretty disgusted.

It just happened we didn't have our flour an' rice an' beans an' everythin' on there. It was just the canned food we had on her. 'cause by the time she got through buckin', all she had left on her, I think, was a halter an' the bell around her neck. She bucked everythin' else off!—all to pieces [Chuckles throughout]. So we gathered it all up, the bunch off us an' packed it all up agin' and away we all went. An' we was late

gettin' down to Stone Cabin [Chuckles]. We was sure mad at that ol' pack mare that day [Chuckles]!

Emery an' I used to do some more things too, In fishin' season we'd carry hook and line in a tobacco can [Chuckles], back o' our saddle all the time. An' if we got through roundin' up cattle early up in the mountains, before we headed home, we'd jus' cut us an ol' willow, an' catch a nice mess o' fish, an' put 'em in the barley sack we had back o' our saddle, an' some grass, an' bring trout home for supper. Emery jus' loved to do that. He sure loved those fish.

CAMPING ON THE RANGE

It was such a wonderful interestin' life, though. We used to camp up in the mountains, generally durin' the month of July an' August. We'd take pack horses an' enough food to feed an army. An' we'd go up in the mountains, an' take our tents an' Dutch ovens an' cookin' utensils an' all our beds. Camp up there for sometimes two months at a time. An' ride after the cattle all over Table Mountain. We camped at Cottonwood Camp. That was right on Cottonwood Creek. Lay there in bed at night an' hear the creek babbling right there below you.

An' in that creek was so many rainbow trout. That's what most of our meals was—rainbow trout—when we was camped up in those mountains. It was so wonderful around the campfire. Everything tasted so good. Oh, Mother'd make Dutch oven biscuits, an' cook 'em over sagebrush coals in these great big Dutch ovens. An' then we'd have a big Dutch oven full of fried trout, an' sliced potatoes all cooked, an' coffee. An' sometimes it'd have a little dirt an' ashes from the campfire, an' it made it taste all the better [Chuckles]. It was wonderful camped up in those mountains,

ridin' after the cattle. We really hated to go home from those trips. We had to ride up there an' keep our cattle back on their range where they belonged.

Like the Potts boys had their sheep, big bands o' sheep, up there. An' then there was Mosquito Creek cattle that was owned by Joe Scuffe. Guess they run about eight or nine hundred head. Each one of us had our part of the range, or kind of a line that Forest Reserve drew through there. An' you had to keep your cattle back as much as you could on your part of the range. An' your neighbor had to do the same. Sometimes the cattle got mixed whether we wanted them to or not. An' we were the kinda' neighbors—we all got along together.

We got along good with the sheep men, too. They had the big herds of sheep up there. I used to love to go up to the sheep camps. Then we was ridin' we'd stop an' have lunch there. The sheepherders, they were lonesome. They'd always be so glad when we'd go up there. They'd really be insulted if you didn't stop an' have lunch with them. I remember the good meals that they had. They'd always fry mutton chops for us, an' they had these big loaves of sheepherder broad—enormous big loaves—unbelievable they were so big [Chuckles].

An' I can remember one thing yet clear back from all those years. I loved the reaches. They had dried peaches, an' they'd soak 'em all night, an' they'd just come out almost like fresh peaches. An' they had Eagle Brand milk to put on them. Oh, they were delicious! We'd have our meals in the sheep camp with them, an' then when they'd get a little time off, they'd ride down to our camp an' have supper or lunch with us. Just everybody got along so good.

I remember one camptender that liked us so well up there. His name was Patsy Bernedo. He came galloping down canyon there to have supper with us one night. I guess

he had five or six miles to come down there. An' he lost his wallet, an' all the money that he had was sixty dollars in bills in his wallet. An' he backtracked himself (it was rainin') back an' forth on that trail. Finally give up huntin' for his wallet an' his money. He came on down an' he told us he'd lost his wallet an' his money. So, while he was visitin' with Mom and Daddy I saddled up Pinkey, my little horse, an' backtracked him back up the trail, an' every place that I could find the horse's tracks where he'd went. There on a little grassy meadow I found his wallet. Well, when it'd hit the ground all the money flew; out of it an' was just laying there on the grass all in the rain. I got off an' picked it all up an' put it in his wallet an' rushed back to camp an' handed it to him. He was standin' beside the campfire. We had a good-size campfire going, gettin' ready to cook supper. Well, when I handed him his wallet, he let a yell out a' him, an' he jumped clear over the top of the campfire an' yelled 'cause I'd found his money. An' he was so happy, an' so was I! He tried to give me twenty dollars of it an' I said, "No, I just went back to find your money. I don't wan' any of the money. I just am happy that I found your money." But somehow when he left camp that night he left ten dollars there somewhere for a reward for me. An' he wouldn't take it back. I tried to get him to take it back, but he left it there anyway. He said it was worth it to him.

So, it was funny—after we moved down here in Fallon [in 1942] I met some of his relatives. I found out it was Barrenchoas, June Barrenchea's husband. An' he said, "Well, that's my uncle that you're talking about that you found the money." An' he thought that was funny, that after all those years that after I moved down here, that I'd meet some of the relatives from atellin' them that story. An' I still have Patsy's picture somewhere in the album there, on his burro.

Goin' back in the story where we camped up in the mountains. There was many reasons that we went up there an' camped for a couple o' months every year. We had to brand the new calves that'd come. An' sometimes there were some that had to be weaned. We made wooden blabs, we called 'em, an' we'd throw 'em down an' put 'em in their noses. An' with these wooden blabs on they couldn't nurse the mother, an' that'd wean 'em. Daddy'd make the blabs out of ol' barrel staves—saw 'em out of 'em. Put them in. They didn't hurt the calf, an' the calf could eat good, but it couldn't nurse its mother. An' that was the way we weaned 'em. Nowadays I guess they make blabs out of metal to put on 'em when they [wean them]. Everything's fancy nowadays, but we made all our own things like that [Chuckles]..

But we worked up in the mountains, ridin' bringin' the cattle back onto the range, an' brand all the new calves.

Besides cooking the regular way over an open campfire out in the mountains in the times that you spent rounding up cattle, etc., you mentioned also using a washtub once. Could you explain that procedure and how you did manage to use it?

Yeah, that was another one of my mom's famous ideas [Chuckles]. I don't know whether she saw one first, but she had Daddy cut a good-sized square out of this one side of an old leaky washtub—a big, old metal washtub—so you could put wood in under it. An' then she had him cut out a hole as big around as a stovepipe in over to one side in the top of the tub an' then shoved one length of stovepipe down in that. So you'd build your little fire an' start it and then set the tub over it and then put wood in like you was puttin' it in your stove in the house, or somethin'.

An' you could cook stuff slow on that pretty good! You could fry bacon an' eggs if you wanted to, or if you had plenty of time, make a pot of stew an' set it on there an' keep your stew boilin'. It was pretty clever, an' it didn't blacken your cookin' utensils.

We used to take it when we'd go up maybe fourth of July, an' use one of those up in the canyon. I've seen my mom even fry her fish on there! It'll heat water for coffee an' that. It was kinda' a clever little idea. An' then in case of emergency, it was pretty nice to know how to have one of those. You could cook enough to keep from starvin' to death, anyway.

Made a fairly good little old-fashioned stove. So, I don't know, my morn picked up all those ideas, whether she made them—figured them out herself or what—but I remember them all from the time I was a kid.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE

From experience, too, you had a lot o' lessons you learned on the range. I found that out. I know once when we was drivin' a big herd o' cattle, I was goin' along tryin' to keen from losin' some of the little baby calves that was tryin' to hide in the brush, an' I didn't hear the men holler at me to look out. An' there was a couple o' big Hereford bulls fightin' out in the middle of a big herd o' cattle. An' I didn't hear them holler at me to get out of the way. First thing I knew it was too late! They hit my horse a glancin' blow, an' knocked him down on the ground. Went right on over the top of me an' him, an' how they kept from killin' the both of us I don't know [Chuckle]! When the cowboys loped their horses over there to see (they thought sure I got killed), I was pickin' myself up out of the dirt, an' tryin' to help my little horse Pinkey to get up [Laughs]. Kinda' hurt my horse's leg a little bit, and hurt my knee, but outside of that I think I was pretty

lucky. An' from then on I learned my lesson: whenever there was bulls fightin' I got as far away as I could.

Also one time I got crippled 'cause I didn't listen to my daddy. He sent me off to the mountains when he was hayin' to get a beef for the ranch. I rode his horse he called Kiddo, an' he was kind of a spooky little horse, an' he would kick if he got a chance. He told me to be careful of him, an' he said, "When you get home with the cattle, just tie him in the barn an' when I get through hayin' tonight" (he was pitchin' hay in the field), he said, "I'll pull his shoes off 'fore I turn him in the field." An' I thought, "Well, I've pulled 'em off of the rest of the horses, why should I leave that for Daddy to do?" So [Chuckles] I got the horse nippers an' the rasp, an' I had three shoes off of the horse, an' had his hind leg us over my hip, filin' on the last shoe to file the nails loose so I could pull the shoe off. An' an ol' chicken was in the manger layin' an egg [Chuckles], an' she flew out of the manger right in front of the horse an' scared him! An' he yanked his foot an' kicked at me an' kicked my foot down agin' the hard cement floor of the barn. An' smashed my big toe and broke it in seven places [Chuckling throughout]. Anyway it crippled me for two or three months. My dad had to take me to Tonopah. He come as soon as I told him I was hurt. He come up out of the fields, an' put a pillow under my foot. Put me in the car an' took me to Tonopah. I had a pretty bad foot on me for a couple o' months. It healed up an' I still got a toe [Chuckles]. So that was another lesson. I learned it the hard way but I was tryin' to help my dad when I got hurt.

An' years before that I remember my dad had a real gentle ol' horse. I went in the barn. I was only about—I guess, nine years old or something like that. An' I went in, an' I went under the horse's breast. I think we had a little

colt, or somethin', an' it got out. An' it went in the stall, an' I went in to get the little colt out. I scared the horse, an' I put my hand on the horse, an' he was half asleep. An' he whirled an' kicked me. Purty near kicked me to death. An' he got so scared when he had me down kickin' me! My cousin, Chan Nay, happened to come to the barn just as the horse was kickin' me, an' had me knocked out. An' he got a pitchfork an' whipped the horse over to one side o' the stall, an' finally got me out of there. An' when I woke up, they had me over to the ditch. An' my father [Really chuckles] had an ol' rusty tomato can, pourin' water on my head 'til he got me to [Chuckles]. But he really knocked me out, an' almost killed me. Guess he hit me a glancin' blow on the side of my head 'cause I was out quite awhile. Anyway, my father (my mother'd gone somewhere that day), an' I said, "Don't tell Mama I got kicked!" So we kept it a secret for a couple o' years, before we ever told her. Finally he confessed to her how I almost got kicked to death when she was gone that day. If it hadn't been for my cousin, Chan Nay, packin' me out o' there, gettin' me away from him 'cause he was scared to death! I don't know what made him act that way—that horse.

An' another time I learned a good lesson earlier in my life. Daddy and Mother went ridin' up in the mountains, an' we didn't go, us kids, that day. My dad had been telling us to keep off o' those yearling calves, ridin' them an' practicin' rodeo. They no sooner left an' went up in the mountains than my sister an' I an' the Indian kids, we got in the corral an' we let the big yearlin' calves out. We thought we'd put on a good rodeo. So I had my turn at ridin', an' I had a rope tied around this yearlin's belly. I was really ridin' [Giggles] when the ol' rope broke! I went over his head an' landed on my wrist an' broke my wrist. An' I was scared to death! I didn't wan'

to tell my momma an' daddy I'd disobeyed them again [Chuckles]. The Indian kids said, "We'll fix it for you." So they took me up in the cow pasture where there was ol' black cold mud by the ditch where the creek come down through the calf pasture. An' they buried my arm clear up to my elbow in mud. They left me settin' there for about an hour, an' they kept doctorin' me. They said, "It'll take all the soreness out," 'cause they thought it was just a sprain. It didn't hurt until we took it back out of the mud. Then it still was 'paining'. So when my parents come I had to confess that I'd rode this yearlin' calf, an' I'd broke my arm. But it was only one bone in my wrist t'was broken. So Mother carved out an old apple box (slats off of that) an' made splints. An' bound it up, an' put my arm in a sling. An' years later she took me to the doctor, an' he said it was set as good as the doctor could o' set it, but it was the biggest wonder in the world I didn't have a crippled wrist.

Still I had to learn a lot more lessons even after I was grown up, that you could still get hurt with horses. I know one night we come in from ridin' after cattle, or huntin' deer or something. Mother'd stayed home that day, an' she said she had all the chores done. All but waterin' Little Wildcat, the wrangler horse in the barn. He had to be taken to water. That was all; everything was fed, but to water him. So I walked in there in a hurry, an' thought I was walkin' in alongside of him, an' walked right into the dark into his heels [Chuckles]. An' I was close to him an' he let me have it. Both feet right in the seat of the pan's [Laughs]! Rolled me clear across the barn an' into the other manger. Broke my thumb [Chuckles]. So instead of takin' him to water I headed for the house [Chuckles]. Told my mother, I said, "Oh, Wildcat kicked me in the seat of the pan's and rolled me across the barn an' broke my thumb." An' all my mother could do was laugh

so I wouldn't even show her my broken thumb [Chuckles]. It healed up the best way it could. So that was another good lesson I learned: to know where I was walkin' in the dark when I went after a horse [Chuckles].

MUSTANG: A STORY OF TRAGEDY AND LOYALTY

Well, I'll go back a little bit an' tell you some stories about the mustangs that—oh, I've told you so much about the mustangs an' how I loved em. Kind of a strange thing happened that'd be interestin' for ya'.

There was a little band o' mustangs—they wasn't quite as wild as the others an' I'd always kinda' run after 'em, you know, an' watch for the baby colts when I'd go out in the valley. An' many times we could corral that one bunch. I think there was thirteen or fourteen head in 'em an' they were especially beautiful colored ones, pintos an' savinas an', oh, all different odd colors among 'em. Anyway, to me they was kind of a special little band o' mustangs.

One winter (I'd go up on the hill sometimes an' sit down an' take the field glasses an' look out on the snowy valley, you know) I kept telling my dad (I was nothin' but a kid. I guess I must've been about fourteen or fifteen, somethin' like that), an' I kept worrying about those mustangs all this winter. I said, "Daddy, what has happened to our little band o' mustangs? I can't never spot 'em out there with the field glasses." An' he'd say, "Oh, quit worrying about that little ol' band o' mustangs. They'll show up." But there was some mustangers from down around Benton an' Bishop, an' they'd come up there once in awhile an' they'd run mustangs an' they'd take a bunch of 'em away from there. 'cause anybody could have 'em if they caught 'em. Anyway, went all through the winter, no sign of those mustangs. An' Daddy said, "They'll

show up, now quit worryin'. That little band o' mustangs'll show up."

So it went on into spring. No mustangs. They never showed up. All through the summer an' the little band o' mustangs was gone, an' he said, "Well, somethin' must've happened to 'em. That's funny that they'd all be gone like that." So I finally give up looking for 'em.

Then in the fall—you know when the horses the flies'd get after 'em in fly time—they'd head for the tops o' some o' the mountains to get up away from the flies down in the valley. Anyway, this little band o' mustangs had gone we what they called Old Haystack Trail on top o' the mountain, up on Table Mountain there. An' off to the side in this country where they went was Mustang Meadow country, real rough, rimrock basins in there. Anyway, that fall, we'd never seen the mustangs. Mom an' Daddy an' I was riding up there an' you'd have to get up on a high ridge an' look down on these pothole basins to spot cattle. They could hide out in there, easy. That fall, when we was ridin', we stopped up on this ridge—little high ridge looked down on potholes—an' Daddy said, "Huh, there's a bunch o' cattle, I think, layin' down down in that little rough basin." So we rode down there an' when we rode up on it, it was all these mustangs dead in one little area, just within a few hundred yards, a circle there. They were dead.

We looked to see, well, what in the world could've happened to 'em. Made us all feel like crying. It was such a sad thing to see. An' we went out an' rode around through where the old carcasses was there. An' this one mare, the old mare, had stepped in a crevice in the rocks an' hooked her foot in there an' couldn't get loose. An' that whole little band o' mustangs had stayed there in the snow 'til it got so deep they couldn't get out o' there

'cause they wouldn't leave her an' they all died right in that one spot. Her little colt was alongside of her. Those mustangs had eaten the sagebrush an' little small trees off clear down to the ground. There wasn't a thing around there, that they had eaten everythin' that [was] in sight, 'cause they had got snowed in, so there was no way to set out. But that was a real tragedy for animals. They were headed out, I guess, in a snow storm, an' she stepped in a little crevice like that in the rock an' her foot was down in there. It was hung up. You could see where that had happened. It made us all feel so terrible to think those horses, I guess, loved her so much, that old mare, they generally picked on one that they'll stay with. They stayed right there with her an' the whole bunch just died there. So I finally give up lookin' for my mustangs, an' that's what happened to 'em.

OUR FIRST CAR

I think some of the most exciting thing we kids, experience we had, was when our dad got the first car. I think it was in 1912, that he got it. As far as I remember, he called it the ol' Cuttin' car [a five passenger open touring car called the Cutting touring car].

He had an awful time—we used to laugh at him, us kids. He'd take us for a ride to Belmont or Tonopah, or somewhere in it. He couldn't get over not drivin' a team or ridin' a horse, an' he'd forget an' holler "Whoa" when he'd put the brakes on [Chuckles throughout].

But, us kids, we just thought we was just the greatest thing in the world—the first few rides we had in that car when Daddy got it.

He was one of the first ones in Monitor Valley to get a car. Him an' another rancher by the name of Joe Scuffe were two of the first close ranchers there to have a car in the valley.

An' he had some great experiences with that. It wouldn't pull like the cars nowadays. Then we went over a summit, he always had us kids out puttin' rocks under the wheels. He'd go a little ways up over these real steep mountain grades an' we'd have to nut a rock behind the wheel for him and then he'd give it the gun an' up the hill he'd go a little ways and kill the engine [Laughs]. We had rocks all over the place.

After that he bought a little ol' Model T Ford for me later on an' I sure had a time with that little ol' Ford. I'd take my mom an' I'd take her to Belmont an' we'd have a great time. Only half of the time, I'd come home—my hands so black with grease from cleanin' spark plugs, doin' things to the car—I had to do them myself on that ol' Model T Ford. But it never left us on the road, but we got stuck a lot, me an' Mom, with it. But I learned the things to do like cleanin' the spark plugs an' a few other things, an' changin' tires on it when we'd have a flat tire. But those old cars were something in those days; I really had a lot o' fun with that little ol' Model T Ford.

I remember one time—we had a lot o' ol' rubber tires stacked in the back of one of the garages at the ranch. I went to put the little ol' Model T Ford in there, an' I missed the brake! An' gave it the gun to go in there an' then I missed the brake! Hit that bunch o' tires an' bounced clear back out of the garage [Laughs]. If it hadn't been for them, I guess I'd went on through that little- ol' thin garage. We had some great times, tryin' to learn to drive those first cars.

Here in the album's a picture of that ol' Cuttin' car. It might not have been the name of it for sure, but as far as I can remember back, Daddy just called it the ol' Cuttin' car. Wasn't that a funny lookin' ol' critter [Laughs]? Two-toned there—light and dark gray See the isinglass windows in the back there an' a

top that'd fold back. Boy, that ol' thing sure shook you up when you went over a corduroy road, about shook your teeth out [Laughs]! Somewhere on it, it had coal oil lights that you could use at night. Maybe it was these lamps in the front there. I don't know. It was so long ago. I was pretty small then. But isn't that a funny lookin' ol' car [Laughs]?

WILL JAMES—ARTIST AND FRIEND

Remember Will James, the famous cowboy artist Nevada's cowboy artist? He was just an ordinary cowboy in 1917 an' 1918. He'd been workin' down around Stone Cabin Valley for someone by the name of Salsbury an' Connolly; they had cattle. An' he gave up workin' there an' decided to travel north for some job. Anyway, he came through Barley Creek on his way through. Looked up the trail an' we saw this strange cowboy comin' with a packhorse down the trail. An' we couldn't imagine who it was an' when he got in the yard we said, "Howdy stranger" to him, an' invited him to get off his horse an' he told us who he was. So Dad told him to put his horses in the barn an' come on in an' have some supper. When we got to talkin' to him, we asked him if he'd like to stay with us a couple o' weeks. That he was welcome to stay. He got to drawin' pictures at night for us kids. He took us un on it, an' he stayed for about two weeks with us before he went on, for his journey north.

Each night after he helped my dad—he helped him butcher hogs an' then he'd help him feed the cattle an' in the evenin's he'd draw pictures for us. An' I, ever since I was big enough to hold a pencil or a pen, I wanted to draw, an' he noticed that. He was the one that helped me an' started me out drawin'. An' after he left the ranch, he wrote to me for quite awhile an' sent me drawin's an' have me draw then an' then he'd correct them, an' send

them back to me an' tell me my mistakes. [See Appendix A.] An' I thought it was so nice of a cowboy to help a kid like that. I was only twelve years old. But I still have some of the letters he wrote to me where he drew pictures on it an' I still have four of his pictures that he drew in 1918. One of 'em's up in the museum here at Fallon. One that was called "Frijoles and Eronce". It was a bunch of cowboys with horses buckin' through the camp an' scatterin' the beans all over. Buckin' right through the campfire an' the cowboys—some of them fallin' over backward with their dishes. An' the ol' cook standin' up on the wagon with a butcher knife, like he was gonna' cut their heads off for spillin' all his coffee an' beans all over [Laughs]. But Will James, it was really nice to know him an' he kinda' hated to leave us. He said the family of new found friends that he took we with an' he always said he hoped he could come back someday an' see us, but we never saw him again.

While he was there, my dad told him, he said, "I don't know why you're working for forty dollars a month punchin' cows, hard life like that, when you could be bringin' in—packin' in big wages drawin' for some magazine an' writin' for it." So later on in later years, he wrote back an' he sent a picture out of the Sunset Magazine, his first picture he sold to a magazine. An' he said, "I took your dad's advice an' now I'm bringing in money drawin' an' writin' stories! We were so proud of him after that an' to think of all the books that he has written that people and the library have, I don't know how many.

We wrote Smokey, an' since I've been livin' here in Fallon (I can't remember what year it was) they showed a picture made from his book Smokey, and they found out I had pictures that he drew for me when I was a kid. They borrowed these pictures an' put 'em up on the billboard in Fallon—the four pictures I

had-to advertise Smokey when they showed it the first time here in Fallon at the Fallon Theater.

But, I always remembered him. We was such a nice cowboy, an' when someone's good to a kid you never forget, it seems like. An' later on in years, in 1965 an' 1967, when I wrote my Western Poems books, I wrote a poem in memory of him, "The Drifting Stranger", an' described his trip to the ranch an' how we met him an' the things he did for us. An' I'm glad I had the chance to do something nice for him, 'cause he befriended me when I was a kid. That was in the spring of 1918, that he came to our place. The whole family fell in love with him. We had so much fun with him while he was there.

One other thing that you mentioned was that he went up to some of the cow camps and later on you found drawings.

Down there in Stone Cacin Valley an' the other valleys close there where he worked for different outfits-anytime they camped in some old shack where the cowboys at roundup time, he had a pencil an' he had pictures drawn all over those walls. I think in later years people even took some of the boards out of those buildings to get his pictures he drew. But any place that Will James went, he always carried pencils with him an' he drew pictures. That seemed to be his life. His horses that he'd draw buckin'; or runnin', they looked like they was just gonna' run right off of the page at you. He put so much action an' life in his pictures. They was just great!

You also mentioned one time about his chaps.

Oh, yeah, while he was there at the ranch. My dad was always tradin'. He was a cowboy that sure loved to trade, an' so did Will James,

so they got to tradin'. An' I think he wanted a big canvas tarp my dad had an' he said he'd trade my dad a fancy pair of chaps he had for it. So they traded. An' then he had a little light pair o' chaps. They're not heavy like those—I can't remember what they call them, chinks, or something. I can't remember what my dad traded him out of those. An' then when he wrote me this letter when he was on his trip, he said it got cold on the trip. He wasn't expecting the weather to get colder, an' he said, "Your dad had traded me out of both of my pair of chaps an' then it went an' turned cold. When I ever get back, I'm gonna' get even" [Chuck1es]. An' I wore those chaps after I grew up for years an' years, an' had them 'til sometime in 1942, I still had them. An' I can't remember who I let have 'em or what's happened to them. But I've got pictures of his chaps; they had a heart an' diamond an' a club an' a spade in silver buttons or nickel buttons on 'em.

Later on in 1967, Anthony Amaral wrote a story about Will James. It's named The Gilt Edged Cowboy, an' on page eighteen it, an' on page nineteen there's a story about how he taught me to draw, an' how he came to the Barley Creek Ranch in 1918, an' how he helped my father butcher the hogs that we was butcherin' to make salt pork. An' how he helped feed the cattle there an' how he promised to write me—he'd teach me to draw by mail. An' it tells about it in this story that An'hony Amaral wrote about Will James' life.

JOE BORREGO AND GUITO HELMICK

When I grew up on the ranch, I first was married to Joe Borrego, a cowboy from Austin that worked for the Pine Creek outfit. He was a nice cowboy. I was married to him on the twenty-fifth of October, 1923. An' I told you earlier in the story there where

we homesteaded the place down there in the valley on the Poverty Flat Ranch. I had one daughter [Wanda]; she was born the twenty-first of May, 1925, in Tonopah, Nevada. An' she grew up part of her life on the Barley Creek Ranch, too. Taught her to ride horseback. An' before we sold out up there an' moved down to Fallon, she had her little bunch o' cattle, too. Kept brandin' calves for her, an' her grandpa'd brand heifer calves for her in the string, an' she had about forty head of cattle of her own by the time she was fourteen years old. I was making a real cowgirl outa her at that time.

Her father and I were divorced in the early part o' 1935. We was married goin' on twelve years. An' he remarried soon after we were divorced, an' so did I. I married another cowboy from Tonopah, by the name of Emerson W. King, better known as Emery King. We were married on the thirty-first of October, Nevada Day, in 1935.

Going back to where I was married to Joe Borrego, I thought it was kinda' interestin' when I think back. The man that stood up with us when we were married, Joe an' myself, was Dutch Helmick. His name was really Guito Helmick, an' he was a piano player for silent pictures at the Butler Theater in Tonopah, before they had anythin' but silent pictures. He was the most beautiful piano player. We got acquainted with him in Tonopah, an' he used to come up an' camp in the mountains with us just for the fun of it for a month or two, an' he was really a good little ol' scout. So when we got married, we asked him to stand up with us, an' I thought it would be interestin' to tell about him. At that time, Julian Smith in Tonopah was the owner of the Butler Theater. He was also a good friend of ours, an' his family used to come up to Barley Creek an' visit us, too. He had one son, Julian Smith, an' he came un an' also went up an'

camped in the mountains with us with Dutch Helmick. That was a nickname—Dutch. His name was Guito.

I often think about this Dutch Helmick. He was such a funny little ol' guy. We all loved him. He bought a car, his first car, in Tonopah, a little ol' Ford, and he thought he knew how to drive it. It was pretty steep on the street at Tonopah. An' he started down the street at Tonopah, an' he pulled the gas down on the wheel an' then he couldn't stop it. He was Sam' tearing down the street an' there was people standin' on the street an' he hollered, "Someone jump on an' stop her, an' I'll buy the drinks!" [Laughs] That used to be the biggest joke they told in Tonopah—Dutch an' his runaway car [Laughs]. He finally turned it into the sidewalk some way an' got it stopped on the street of Tonopah. But they really used to tease him about that!

HUNTING ON TABLE MOUNTAIN

You've mentioned to me before about your first gun and your early hunting experiences when you first started hunting. Would you be able to go into that?

Well, yes. I started huntin' [at a] pretty young age. I think I was just about thirteen years old when my dad decided he was gonna' make a good hunter out of me as well as a cowgirl, so he bought me a brand new 30-30 rifle. An' then the first thing he did, he give me instructions for quite awhile—how to use it, how to be careful of it, an' what to do an' what not to do, an' how to always keep the gun turned away from myself an' away from anyone else. Never depend on it—that it was empty or anythin'. It was always empty guns that you had accidents with, an' I always remembered those things an' was careful to do what he told me.

Wasn't long after he bought me that rifle that deer season come up. He took me hunting, him an' Mother. Up on top o' Cottonwood Mountain we jumped a great big four-point buck an' I jumped off o' my horse an' drew down on him, an' 'bout four hundred yards away an' killed it! I'd made my dad so proud! When we got over to that deer, he was happier than if he'd killed it himself—my first buck that he watched me kill.

From then on, every year I got my deer. Went out hunting the same as the men an' there was times when I went out hunting all alone, an' got my deer. An' I even loaded [it] on the horse by myself once an' they often wondered how I did it [Chuckles]. Anyway, I drug this buck down the hill to where there was some big rocks piled up, then I led my horse down under them an' scooted the deer down off o' the rocks onto the saddle an' tied it in the saddle an' walked home leading my horse. That was one way I loaded my own deer one time—they wondered how I loaded that big buck on the horse [Chuckles throughout]. 'Course, I had a gentle horse. It was ol' Wildcat, the one that kicked me an' broke my thumb [Laughs].

Anyway, from then on, I started guidin' my mother an' daddy's friends up in the mountains when they'd come out there deer hunting. I was trying to think back at some of the people that I guided up in the mountains hunting. An' for quite a few years afterwards they'd come up from Tonopah and Goldfield, an' different places, an' I'd take 'em up in the mountains if Dad was busy, sometimes he'd go with me an' sometimes he'd just tell me to take 'em.

An' some of the people I remember so well that I took up there was Sheriff Bill Thomas from Tonopah an' the Deputy Sheriff, Don Lewers. I took them up there hunting deer an' then I took 'em hunting sagehen, also. An'

another nice man that I enjoyed takin'—for a couple o' years I took him up there—was the Chief of Police, Doe Galvin from Tonopah. Then there was Dr. Cherry of Tonopah. He's still alive. He's down in Las Vegas. Then there was Dr. Van Valen from Hawthorne. An' there was Arthur DeArcy from Tonopah and Goldfield, an' there was a Mr. Kitchen, a good friend of ours from Goldfield, an' another man by the name of C. C. Boak from Tonopah, and W. W. Booth, he was the editor of the Tonopah paper at that time. I took them hunting an' they each got their big deer up there on Table Mountain. Then there was Arthur Raycraft. Oh, I could keen going on about the people I guided up in those mountains hunting deer. An' there was Joe Raffetto, a cow buyer from Reno, an' a miner by the name of Johnny Weaver from Tonopah and a Tony Brackett from Manhattan, an' there was Earl Mayfield. He was the head o' the water company in Tonopah, the main one there. An' this Dr. A. B. Van Valen an' him, one year I took both of them up there together an' they got their deer.

I remember Earl Mayfield, he shot his deer, an' I was chasing deer out an' he was quite a ways from it an' it was tryin' to get up on the mountain an' he was tryin' to come down afoot to it. I rode over, got off of my horse an' took down my riata an' roped it an' held it until he come down to his deer [Chuckles]. While I was aholdin' it—I tried to pull it over an' hold it down so it wouldn't get up an' go down the mountain crippled—it swung its head an' got away from me an' hit me across the arm with its horn an' almost broke my arm. It gave me a belt—they're so fast, you know. He [Earl Mayfield] sure gave me the dickens. He said, "You should've known better than to rope that deer an' try to hold it down" [Chuckles throughout]. It really hit me with its horns.

I remember goin' back on some of the things. I went with my dad hunting one year, an' all I had was the shells that was in the magazine of my 30-30 rifle. I went away an' left my box o' shells that I was supposed to take with me at the ranch, an' all the shells I had with me for the whole day o" hunting was what was in the gun. Well, Daddy chased a deer out for me and, oh, it was a monstrous big buck! It come boundin' down through the timber an' I only had four shells. The first time I think I missed it, an' then I hit it somewhere else, an' the next shot I took off one of its big horns. I missed its head an' shot off the horn, an' I had no more shells! Anyway, I guess I must have missed it a couple times. I only had four shells. It was tryin' to get up an' get away an' I rode my horse down there an' it only had one great big horn an' it was still tryin' to get up, an' I roped it by the one big horn an' tied it to a great big sagebrush 'til my dad got down there to finish the poor deer up [chuckles throughout]. He said he would've just given anythin' to have had a camera that day! Believe me, it was a monstrous big deer, but I knocked one of its horns off—missed its head an' got it in the horn, He said if he'd have just had a Kodak an' got a picture of Leafy with the deer with one horn—had it tied to a sagebrush. He said that'd really been a prize picture for him to have.

I had some great times huntin' with my parents an' guidin' those people up in the mountains. Sometimes if Daddy had time, or if he was riding after cattle, he'd just say, "Well, saddle up a couple o' gentle horses an' take these friends of mine up in the mountains." An' I would take them—guide 'em up in the mountains an' chase their deer out for them an' help load them on. There was a lotta happy people. Well, I can't think back. I took a lot more people than that up in the mountains huntin', but...

You know Bill Thomas, the sheriff, he wasn't scared of anybody an' he was one of the best sheriffs, I guess, that there ever was in Nevada. Everybody just loved him, an' there wasn't a man in the world he was scared of when he went after him, if he wanted to track him down or somethin'. But I had to laugh at poor Bill Thomas. He was scared to death of rattlesnakes! When I took him sagehen huntin' one time, there was these old dry wild flag lilies, an' the pods when they were dry, if'n you'd touch them they'd sizzle or sound just like a rattlesnake. An' he jumped just about out of his hide! I remember when we was going up the trail an' there was a great big rattlesnake right in the trail. I jumped off of my horse to kill it with some rocks an' he just had a fit! He said, "You wouldn't catch me gettin' off o' my horse around that thing!" An' he watched me get rocks an' kill that rattlesnake, 'cause we had to come down that same trail an' I wasn't about to let our horses get bit or some of us get bit. But that was when, when he told me how scared of rattlesnakes he was. He could not stand to be near one or if there was one around, he'd take off! [Chuckles].

You started guiding hunting trips at an early age and continued for quite awhile. When exactly was it when you did this?

Well, all down through the years, clear to 1942.

And when did you start?

I started when I was thirteen years old. Mother an' Daddy's friends would come up there; Dad was a good natured guy an' we'd go to Tonopah. He'd say, "When huntin' season opens up come on up, we'll take you deer hunting. We got horses there. Won't cost you

nothing." An' we never did charge anybody for horses or anything. We just did it for all our friends to be nice to 'em. Mother'd cook the meals for 'em an' take care of 'em an' I'd guide them up to the mountains an' let 'em get their deer.

I can't remember the men's names from Wonder. Two men came from Wonder. I think their names were Mr. Weyher an' Mr. Potter if I remember right. An' I took them to the mountains an' they each got their deer an' they asked my mother if they couldn't pay me some money for all that work o' taking them up there, an' I wouldn't take anythin'. So they asked her if they just couldn't leave a gift for that girl for all that trouble o' taking them up there. They were strangers. "Oh," she said, "I guess you can if you wan' to," an' they give her orders to send an' get me a leather ridin' skirt with silver buckles. I had an old beat un ridin' skirt on an' they wanted to buy me a real fancy ridin' skirt for takin' 'em up in the mountains and gettin' them their deer.

Then other people like DeArcy an' Dr. Cherry an' some more of 'em- when my daughter was still a little kid—we wouldn't take anything for all this trouble of takin' them up in the mountains, but they'd always ask my mother where the little kid's piggy bank was an' they'd probably shove ten or twenty dollars in there. An' that's how she started her first little bank account was through the deer hunters, the money they gave her when I'd take them up in the mountains. I guess it made 'em feel better to leave some money like that, so they didn't think anything of shoving twenty dollars in Wanda's piggy bank [Chuckles throughout]. I think that she had around four hundred dollars that was given to her by deer hunters. They didn't think it was right for people to not charge for all that work, so they decided to start a bank account for the baby. Oh, an' then

even after Emery King an' I was married, we still took hunters up in the mountains there too.

Emery used t' love for me to take the shotgun in sagehen season an' kill the young sagehen, or what's called the wild sage chickens. There was lots o' those up Barley Creek. I'd always go huntin', I would, after those. They always said they didn't need anybody but Leafy [Chuckles] with her gun [Chuckles]. I'd take my little ol' twenty-gauge shotgun. We'd go up through the meadows, up in the canyon there when we was through ridin' some days. I'd carry that with me, in sagehen season. All through the meadows up in what we called the Big Meadow country, clear up on top of Table Mountain, there was, oh, ever so many sage chickens. An' they was really good eatin'. Used t' go up in Sagehen Basin, up there, a special place, an' Mustang Meadows country, an' get the wild sage chickens.

Sometimes when we was camped up in the mountains, too, we'd cook 'em in the dutch oven. An', oh, was they ever good! I used t' take people, too. When I used t' take 'em deer huntin', I also took 'em different times o' the year when sagehen season was open. I took 'em up in the mountains where they got their chicken. There was no quail that I knew of up in Barley Creek. There was some grouse. But lots o' sage chickens!

We never did kill any o' the old ones, just always the young ones. The old ones are tough [Chuckles]. I always knew an old one when it flew up [Chuckles]. They was funny things to hunt. They fly up from under your nose so fast out o' the bushes that they'd scare you so bad you'd have t' think a few minutes afore you'd shoot at 'em! [Chuckles throughout]. They really startle you! Somethin' like a pheasan'; they'd let you almost step on 'em, an' then just fly out so fast from under your feet that you

gotta' be fast shootin' to get 'em! We used t' love to hunt those.

NEVADA'S CHAMPION LADY HUNTER

Going back to those days when we was huntin' an' when I took people huntin'. My dad was always pretty proud of how he taught me to hunt, kinda' almost as good as a man, I guess, could. Made him pretty proud when he'd read the writeups in the papers*—that they'd put my name down as one of Nevada's champion hunters.

Most all the pieces that they wrote up there I was about the only lady hunter, I guess, up in that country that went out an' hunted deer every year. An' they kinda' had me marked down as the champion. One of Nevada's champion hunters. That made Daddy kinda' proud.

FISHING TECHNIQUES

You've also mentioned that you used to carry a fishhook and a line in a tobacco can when you used to go up in the mountains. What were the types of bait and/or hooks that you would use in order to catch the fish?

Well, most all the time Mommy and Daddy an' I an' my sister, we always carried a little old-fashioned tobacco can, insid'e be fishin' line wrapped around a little piece of willow—off the end of a willow branch. And we had so much line and sinkers on them. Sometimes we had little flyhooks with us, extra hooks.

And we would stop if we was early gettin' through with the cattle, and wanted a mess o' fish for supper. We'd stop an' cut an old dry

*See collected papers.

willow, get our fishin' line out o' the tobacco can, and cut a little notch around the end o' the willow, an' wrap the line around it until you got it the length that you wanted to start fishin' with. We always had flour sacks with us to put fish in.

If we didn't have any bait, maybe sometimes we'd [Chuckles] take our hat and swat a grasshopper [Chuckles]. Our cowboy hats was good for that, too! We'd kill grasshoppers, or if it was a certain time of year when the Indian pinks were in bloom, take an Indian pink flower, an' pull off a few of the red petals and put the hook through 'em to catch the first fish with. All kinds of things like that for bait. Even there was some wild gooseberries, and curran's, when they turned red, we'd even put those on and catch fish with 'em. But there was always grasshoppers or things like that to catch the fish.

So when we wanted a mess a' fish, why we'd stop and catch fish. An' then pull a bunch o' grass. An' when we got a mess of fish to take, why we'd wet the flour sack good, wrap the fish all up in nice grass from along the bank, tie 'em up in an old barley sack back of our saddle, and head for home with a mess of fish [Chuckles]. We did all kinds of things like that—different than we do nowadays.

MY TAXIDERMY WORK*

I have also seen some of the picture of the taxidermy work that you have done in the past and have even seen some of the examples here in the house. Could you go into how you became involved in taxidermy and what all you did during that time?

Well, first of all, my mom, she got started at it. She sent an' got a taxidermy book that told how to make the solutions to cure hides, an' pictures how you cut the woodwork

out, an' how you cleaned the bones to the deer heads, an' excelsior until you made the neck the shape of their real neck. Then you preserved the hide, pulled that over it, sewed it on there. An' you even had to skin the ears out an' put tin in the ears so you could shape them, an' dry with the tin in them.

Anyway, Mother started this taxidermy work. After she fixed several heads, she decided she didn't like it. She gave it up. She gave me her taxidermy book an' then I started out doin' it. I guess it was in about 1930 or '31 when I started. But I went or all the way with it in the deer season when I had to move to town anyway, to send the little girl to school. That was when I made my money in taxidermy work. I got twenty-five, thirty-five an' sometimes forty dollars a head for fixin' 'em for the deer hunters that brought them to me.

In Tonopah yet in the saloons up there (I forget what saloon it's in right now), I guess you could find at least fifteen or twenty of the deer heads still in the saloon there in Tonopah. People later donated 'em to the saloons that had them fixed. Especially one that was up there last time that I was to Tonopah (was still up there) was a cactus deer head, a freak deer head. It had hundreds an' hundreds o' points on the horns—just like a big cactus, it was. That was one special job I did that everybody was proud of.

An' my first husband, one year, when he went ridin' he took a pack horse with him an' wan' down to Stone Cabin Valley to get a few head of cows that was left down there to bring home. An' when he came back, he came through what they called George's Canyon, on the way back to the ranch, an' up on the mountains he found a skeleton of two deer

* See collected papers.

where they'd locked their horns together an' died that way. An' the horns was all white an' no flesh on them or anythin'. They'd been dead quite a long time an' were all bleached out—just bare bones. So he tied 'em on top o' the pack on the pack horse an' brought 'em on home, an' dumped them off in the yard an' said, "Nows, isn't that something to find!"

Well, I got interested in lookin' at those, an' I decided, well, I could take an' color those horns back to natural color—the color of a deer horn, an' then varnish them. An' I put them away 'til that fall when we killed our deer, I decided to take the hides off o' two other deer, an' I mounted those deer heads to fit in the corner, an' there they are, just like they're fighting in the corner with their horns locked together.

There was a mine worker's store in Tonopah, an' before I did this work on them, they put them in the window to show what had been found, where these deer had locked their horns together an' died that way. An' then after I finished—completed the taxidermy work on 'em, they put them in the store on display for about three months to show 'em off—the piece o' work that I did on 'em. I still have them here in the house. They'll probably wind up in a museum someday, since I still have those from many years ago.

So I must have fixed forty or fifty heads—some of 'em mountain sheep heads. I fixed a mountain sheep head for Sheriff Thomas an' I think that's still in the saloon up there.

An' then after I moved out here to Fallon, years later, I learned to fix a few birds. Ray Alcorn, he was interested in the taxidermy work that I did an' he saw the pictures, an' he was also a taxidermist, so he come up to the house, out to our ranch here in Fallon, an' he showed me how to fix one little quail—how to use arsenic in the hide to preserve it—how to take the hide off an' how to build the little

body an' how to put the hide back on the bird, so I fixed two pheasant's. I fixed a seagull an' a kingfisher an' a hawk an' a owl an' the Mallard duck an', I don't know, several other birds. You've seen the ones I've got here, yet. Still have the owl out there on the wall an' the pheasant's. An' my daughter has most of the rest of 'em out there at her place. I gave them to her.

I finally gave up taxidermy work. The solutions that I had to work in was dangerous. That's why I gave up taxidermy work. You had to use a solution of sulfuric acid and salt an' water to preserve the deer hides. An' then for the birds, you had to work with this arsenic an' its's deadly poison. So, my husband, Emery, he said, "You're not doin' any more taxidermy work. That's too hard o' work an' too dangerous o' stuff to work in." He said, "You've did aplenty of it an' now you're gonna' give it up." So I did. Went to somethin' else.

One of the people I did taxidermy work for—I can't remember his name. He was a nice fellow, too, but I didn't know him very well. He just came up an' put in his order for me to fix a deer head that he'd killed. Anyway, it was one of the prettiest pieces of work, I guess, that I had did. It turned out prettier than any an' looked so natural that it looked like it could just bellow from the wall at you! [Chuckles] Anyway, he was so thrilled over the way it looked an' the pretty job that I did on this deer head for him. He paid me for this deer head an' he said, "You know, it looks so natural an' you did such a beautiful job, I feel like buyin' a bale of hay for him. He looks like he really could eat, he looks so natural [Chuckles]." That made me happy. It was one of the prettiest jobs I ever did.

EMERSON W. KING

I know that later you remarried, and that time it was Emerson King, better known as Emery

King. Could you tell us a little bit about his background, where he had come from, what he had done, and how you happened to meet him?

Well, he was really born in Ogden, Utah, an' his family moved to Millers, down below Tonopah, when he was just a little baby, I guess. Anyway, then they were in Millers for several years, I guess. An' they moved up to Tonopah. I don't know exactly where his father worked, whether it was in the mines or what. But anyway, he had three brothers, an' his sister an' himself. There was five children.

Anyway, it was in the year 1925 or '26, after his mother had been dead a few years, seems like him an' his father—they couldn't get along. All the rest of the kids, they got along, but somehow, his dad picked on him, he said, an' everythin' he done was wrong. He couldn't please his dad, an' finally one day he just got disgusted an' he run away from home. He hopped a freight there in Tonopah. I think he left in 1925 or '26.

He headed for California, an' he got down there an' then he worked his way into Arizona. Got little jobs workin' in gardens, an' he said sometimes he really went hungry. Finally he wound up down in Carazosas, New Mexico, an' there he run into some people that had a ranch at White Oaks. He stayed there for eight years with these people and worked for them. I think he did have a few head o' cattle of his own there.

An' finally, after eight years, he come back. He figured he was grown up and his own boss now. It was 1934, I guess, he decided to come back home, an' he come to Tonopah. An' he was staying with some people by the name of Crowell there, some friends of Willie Crowell, the District Attorney there that he'd gone to school with when he was a little kid in Tonopah. Anyway, everything was all over

with the father an' him then. They were good friends.

Then, since he had come back to Tonopah, how did it come about that you met him?

Well, I used to play the guitar a lot. Most all the kids that went to school with the daughter—oh, half the girls and boys in Tonopah used to come to my house, an' I played the guitar an' sang cowboy songs a lot for them. I think my mother an' dad had met Emery before that. After he'd come back he'd worked on the milk truck for Leo Quas there. Then he worked down in the Montana Cafe. Was holdin' down two jobs after he got back there.

Anyway, there was a little radio station. Found out later it was an illegal station there that came in. An' they set their outfit up in the Mizpah Hotel, an' the name of the little radio station was KZZO an' that was in 1934. An' the stores was givin' this little radio station quite a little bit o' money to advertise all the stores in Tonopah. But what they had to do was to find people that would volunteer to come an' put on a program, an' sing or play or any kinda' talent that you could do. So someone coaxed me to take three o' the kids that played guitar with me down there, an' play an' sing over the little radio station for a couple o' hours every day.

Finally I decided I would go. One of the kid's name was Jimmy Pemble, he played the harmonica, an' Wesley Parde, he played the guitar—his sister went to school with my daughter, Wanda. I sang. I can't even remember the name of the other one that was playin' there. Anyway, we'd go down every day there for a week or so, an' spare an hour or so an' go down an' play an' sing! An' they named us the "Tonopah Wranglers". An' it was kinda' fun. Tickled the people in Tonopah. They'd

turn on their radios an' pick up the program while I was singin'. Even got a letter here from Mrs. Howard, Blair Junction, Nevada, an' you can read here, if you wan' to, what she said. Blair Junction, Nevada, November 9, 1934.

Dear Friend:

Your grandmother and I have been listening in on the broadcasting over KZZO. It sure comes in just fine here. Your grandmother, Mrs. Nay, would like to have you sing the song you composed about the deer you got out on the mountain, and if you can find time, I would like very much to hear you sing "When the Lupine Blooms Again". Your grandmother is just fine. We are going to go and visit at Coledale sometime soon. With best regards; to the Tonopah Wranglers.

Your friend,

Mrs. Howard, Blair Junction, Nevada

After all these years, I've kept that letter.

Anyway, while I was down there playing and singin', somehow Emery come in. I'd never even met him. He came into the Mizpah Hotel to see what was goin' on at this little radio station, an' he looked in there an' I was singing "Nighttime in Nevada", an' he said to this Willie Crowell, the District Attorney (he was later a district attorney), "Who is that girl singin'?" An' he said, "That's Leafy Borrego, used to be Leafy Nay, but her an' her husband are broke up an' gettin' a divorce." He says, "You know, that's the girl I'm gonna' marry!" [Laughing]. An' he'd never even spoken to me! But that was what he said, "That's the girl I'm going to marry", 'cause he loved guitar music an' he loved the song I was singin'. The strange thins about it, I turned around an' married him after I met him [Laughs]. An' the funny part o' how he got to meet me, he made Willie

Crowell bring him up to my house to ask me if I'd give him guitar lessons for an excuse to meet me. [Laughs throughout].

We were married on the thirty-first of October, 1935.* An' we were married on Nevada Day. An' we had many happy days o' playin' the guitar. He learned to play the guitar. He was a good harmonica player in the first place, an' that went right along with the guitar playin'.

I remember years back, we used to play for Serbian Christmas, when the Serbians had their Christmas. I think it was always the tenth of January—an' we were always asked to come to their big dinner. Him an' I would go an' take the guitars an' play all night, the guitar an' the harmonica, an' I'd sing. Go from one of the Serbian's house to the other—play so long at each place. Neither one of us drank. We'd just have somethin' to eat at each house an' play the music for the big crowd for to dance at the different people's houses. One of 'em was Mrs. Boscovich an' one was Mrs. Beko. He's the District Judge in Tonopah now—Bill Beko (William P. Beko). But we played at their houses. It'd be an all-night session, an' they'd put on these great big dinners. They'd have a whole roast pig, an' a big roast turkey an' all the trimmin's. Every kinda' fancy dishes imaginable. But after we left Tonopah, they really said they missed us, all those people. doin' those things for 'em. We had many happy days.

Oh, I guess an interestin' part of that, too, o' marrying Emery—when he was down in New Mexico, his main ambition was to be a cowboy. He was on a ranch down there, an' that's where he learned to cowboy. So when I married him, once again I married a cowboy. 'cause that's all he'd known from the time he

* See collected papers.

run away from home was bein' a cowboy down it New Mexico. I guess that's why we were so happy together, we rode the range, then, for a good many years up on Table Mountain. Then another funny part of it, the month that we was married—just a couple of weeks before we was married, he borrowed a car from some friend. A Mexican fella in Tonopah gave him his car to take me up to Barley Creek to where my mom and dad was. Took Wanda an' away we went an' took him on his first huntin' trip, just a couple o' weeks before we was married. Took him way up on top of Table Mountain for the first time, an' he got his first deer. The first deer he ever killed was that time. That was a couple o' weeks before we was married.

During the earlier years of mine and Emery's married life, when we'd move in from Barley Creek Ranch to Tonopah, for my daughter to go to school, in the winter months he would get a job, an' about three years straight he worked in the Mizpah Mine for the leasors up there, runnin' jackhammer way down underground. Oh, I hated that job an' I was wan'in' him to get another one so bad! He worked for my brother-in-law, Bonnie Ornelas. He was leasin' an' he gave him a job. An' then, in later years, he worked for the Cavanaugh Brothers in their garage in the winter, in Tonopah. That's the Cavanaugh boys that built Arlington Towers—Johnny Cavanaugh. They was two of the best friends we ever had. He told Emery once, he'd give us both a job—a lifetime job, if we wanted it. That's what you call true friends. When we left there, they was the people that bought our nice saddle horses an' give 'em a good home, when we left Tonopah. I can't exactly remember the different jobs Emery was on before I married him. He was in the CC camp for awhile, but I don't know what year. He worked for the Forest Reserve, hauling

truck loads of posts, an' he worked for a man that drilled wells up around Tonopah an' Hot Creek Valley for a few months and I don't even know the man's name. That was before I knew Emery at all—he was tellin' me the places he'd worked.

DOCTORS AND MEDICINES IN RURAL NEVADA

Since you lived in the very, very rural area of Nevada, what was the doctor situation like, as far as medical care?

Well, I think we was pretty lucky in those days, the good doctors that we had in the Tonopah area. There wasn't any doctors in Manhattan that I ever knew of, or Round Mountain. I think they went on to Tonopah when they needed doctors. But we had two hospitals in Tonopah. We had the Nye County Hospital, an' then we had the Mine Operators Hospital. I'm not sure that was the exact name of it. Anyway, we had Dr. Craig, that's Dr. Robert R. Craig. We had Dr. McLeod, an' we had another doctor by the name of Dr. Cunningham, and an old doctor by the name of Dr. Cowden. He was an old family doctor, An' we had Dr. Cherry in later years along with 'em an' a real good doctor by the name of Dr. Henry Valenta. He later practiced in Reno, 'til here just a few years ago when he passed away with a heart attack up there. He was a real good doctor. He was the doctor that operated on me when I had appendicitis in Tonopah. It seemed funny Dr. Craig, he ran this big hospital. He was the main doctor in it, in the Mine Operators Hospital, an' no matter how busy he was, an' all the patients he had, he always had time if your little child was sick to come to your house, even in the night. An' he took care of all kinds of diseases, and before I forget it, too, he ranked third best

doctor. But he took care of that hospital. An' he had help; he called in the other doctors. He delivered babies. He took care of people with meningitis, and he saved some of them, that had meningitis, even! He was wonderful surgeon. he operated on anyone that had appendicitis, gall bladder operation. Anythin' you had pneumonia, or anythin' like that, he took care of you! He didn't send you to other doctors, an' he saved your life! An' still had time like when my Wanda was just a little tiny kid, through measles, chicken pox, an' whooping cough an' all that. Call him in the night, he was right there—five dollars a call—a night call, even. An' take time to sit down an' talk to you an' do the best he could. I often wondered how he did all that in that hospital, an' took care of the people, an' still made calls. In fact his family lived close to my house up there in Tonopah. His daughter used to come down to my house an' visit. I knew his wife real well—the whole family.

Sometimes he'd buy my license when I'd go deer hunting an' I'd bring him some deer steak. When I'd drive into Tonopah with my deer, he was so proud of that deer when I drove up to the hospital. You'd think it was his [Chuckles]. That he had killed it. He'd get out there, an' call all the nurses out in the yard at the hospital. "Come look at Leafy's big buck she killed" [Chuckles]. If he'd bought my license or anythin', I'd always take him some nice deer meat. But he was really a good friend. All these doctors were good doctors, up there in that country. More, I guess, than you've got nowadays up there. I don't know how many doctors there is in Tonopah now. I never did know this Dr. Cunningham much. He was a family doctor. Dr. McLeod, he was the one that came to Barley Creek when my mother had pneumonia. He come horseback clear from Tonopah. He rode part way, I think somebody brought him with a team part way, an' then

he rode horseback the rest of the way. Stayed all night at the ranch. Charged fifty dollars to come clear there horseback. Saved my mother's life when she had pneumonia. So, we had some pretty faithful doctors. I really remember 'em, and love 'em for the things they did.

The older doctors there—well, Dr. Craig an' the rest of 'em too—at times'd tell you the same thing. Like when the flu was real bad, 'specially these old doctors like old Dr. Cowden and Cunningham an' some of 'em would tell my mother to make little soft cloth bags about an inch square, an' fill them with gum of asafetida, an' sew them onto a little ribbon, an' tie around us kid's necks. An' to take one an' pin it inside the underclothes of the men at the ranch. The fumes of that would kill germs, they said, of the flu. It smelled terrible! I don't guess the flu germs would come around you [Chuckles]. Every once in awhile, Daddy would take it off of his neck and ditch it, an' Mama'd find out he'd taken it off when the flu was bad, so she'd go get another one an' pin on the inside of his warm underclothes around the neck. They say nowadays that that did help from gettin' the flu. But it had a terrible smell. It's a gum, made from some kind o' plan's, supposed to kill germs. When the flu was bad, we always had to wear one of those in Belmont when we went to school, an' different places, around our neck. We didn't get the flu, so maybe it worked! Germs stayed away. But we sure didn't like the odor from that. Reminds me of what they put on us to kill germs and stuff like that.

They had an old remedy, too, that most of the cattlemen up there used. I know an awful lot of 'em did, an' we did. When the young cattle, yearlings, would die with blackleg. When we branded in the spring, we didn't have this vaccine at that time that they have now for blackleg that you just put in a hypo an' shoot into 'em. You cut a little tiny bit of a slot in the hide of the calf, way down low on

its leg, below the shoulder—just a little tiny one—an' shoved a little piece o' garlic down in there. The men'd take their finger an' just shove it under the hide. Shove this piece of garlic down in there. An' it'd heal up, an' even when you butchered 'em years later, that little piece o' garlic was still in there preserved. It's a wonder it didn't make 'em taste like garlic, but it didn't [Chuckles throughout]. But that vaccinated 'em and as long as we used that, we never had one die with blackleg, an' if we missed puttin' garlic in their leg for vaccine, we lost 'em. The biggest part o' the cattlemen around there used that, but nowadays, they still have that blackleg disease among the cattle, but they have the blackleg vaccine, which we got as soon as we could buy it. But the garlic worked! I guess it was like the asafetida that kept us from gettin' the flu, an' the garlic kept the cattle from gettin' the blackleg. It's funny, the old time remedies. Maybe some of 'em were just as good as some o' those you get nowadays, the shots an' all this stuff [Chuckles]. Once in awhile, one of 'em would get infected—the calves would. Other times it'd just heal up in just a few days, an' wouldn't bather 'em at all. But once in awhile one would kinda get infected from it. But not very often. Run like a boil or somethin' on 'em until it cleared out, an' then it'd heal up, an' still be in there. But a couple of years later, when we'd butcher some of those same cattle vaccinated with that, you'd still find that little button of garlic. An' it was fresh in there an' it stayed. I couldn't understand it. Maybe when people read this story I'm tellin', they'll remember, some o' the old cattlemen, that they used that same remedy for their cattle,

TONOPAH ADVENTURES

You told me that during the time that you lived in Tonopah, or when you were coming down

to Tonopah during the school year to bring Wanda to school, and then spending your time there busy working, that you once had an interesting experience (It was during the time of the depression when a lot of people in our country were losing their life savings and all the work and things that they had done)—a similar experience. What actually happened to you?

Well, the money that I had saved up for my little daughter was a postal savings account. I don't know whether they still have those or not. I couldn't tell you. Any money that I had to put away for the daughter, was in a postal savings account. An' then, I didn't have very much money. All I had was a checkin' account in the bank in Tonopah. (Tuesday, the first of November, 1932 the Tonopah Banking Corporation closed its doors.*.) Anyway, I had a small checking account in the Tonopah Bank, an' the money I had earned to put in there. I kinda' got it the hard way: washing people's walls an' ceilings for thirty-five cents an hour an' workin' in the laundry for two dollars a day, ironin', an' all kinds o' hard work like that. Fixin' deer heads. I had this small account in the Tonopah Bank, just a checking account. I can't even remember, it's so far back, how much it was. It may be a hundred or two hundred dollars, somethin' like that.

Anyway, I started to go downtown one mornin' an' my neighbor, Mrs. Mamie Cavanaugh, (John Cavanaugh's mother—the man that built the Arlington Towers) she lived right across the street from me an' she thought the world of me. She saw me goin' down town. She said, "Leafy have you got any money out the bank?" An' I said, "Why? Not very much.." I had about four dollars in

*See story in First National Banks of Nevada by Joe Midmore, pp.68-69, 92-93.

my purse was all I had. She said, "The bank has closed its doors. Everybody has lost any money you got in there."

She said, "It's gone. We've lost our money." I couldn't believe it. All I had left was four dollars in my purse, and I can't even remember how much money I had in the bank.

But then years later, after Emery and I moved to Fallon, here, I got paid back some of that money—quite a little bit of it, so much at a time—the payments they paid back on it. I can't remember yet whether it was ten percent or more of it, somethin' like that, I think that I got back. I won't say for sure what it was; it was too long ago. But it was an awful feeling. If I'd of had one hundred thousand dollars in there, it'd have been the same thing. Even at that, it was just a small account, a checking account, it was quite a shock to have somebody holler an' tell you that the bank had closed its doors when you wasn't lookin' for somethin' like that. So that was quite a little experience itself. I never thought I'd ever get any of it back, but did get some of it back even after we moved down here, after 1942, they paid some of it back. So, I had quite an experience that day. Even though it wasn't much, it mean' a lot to me. I'd worked hard for it.

The depression reached all the way out here.

Yeah, I guess a lot of people had a lot of money in the bank. Maybe I was just lucky that I was poor [Chuckles].

I had one experience of losing my home in a fire, too. That was another little tragedy, but it could've been worse. My mother and dad years before had bought a little home up on Brian Avenue, up near the old Tonopah High School, way up high on the hill. It had high steps goin' up in it. It was just a little old frame house. Had a little cellar built into the hill and it wasn't modern. Our bathroom

was up on the hill, too [Chuckles], and a woodshed. Anyway, after they bought it, we all lived there one winter for so many months, you know, when we moved in from the ranch. An' Daddy decided he hated that house. He didn't like those old steps to climb up on, an' he said to Mama, "Let's give this to Leafy, an' let's go buy a house I was lookin' at up on Belmont Avenue." So they bought a pretty home up there an' they gave me a present of it. So I papered the walls and calcimined the ceilings an' put down new linoleum myself in it an' got it all fixed up an' was so happy in it. After all, it was a home, even if it was a kind of a cold little shack a little old pot-bellied wood stove in it an' a wood cook stove in the kitchen. But I was still happy with it.

Anyway, during January, everybody got the flu and the daughter-(she was only six years old—it was her first year goin' to school) and Mom and Daddy said, "Well, close the house up an' come over and stay with us 'til we all get over the flu." So I did, an' he said, "We can help one another that way." So we helped doctor one another.

It was on the fourteenth of January, when we all got to feelin' better an' I said, "Well, I'd better go home now that we're all gettin' better." So Daddy took the old Dodge pickup an' took me an' the little girl home. An' while he has there he stopped to warm the house up. It was the fourteenth of January—real cold weather. An' he built a fire for me—got the chips an' built a little fire in the little pot-bellied stove. An' the house all warmed up for me an' went back home where Mother was. She could look right across town over to this house where I was livin'. They heard the fire whistle blow an' Mama and him went out on the porch an' looked across there an' there my house was all burnin' over there. So they rushed over there, but by the time I got the fire trucks there, the whole house was just about

gone by the time everybody got there to help me.

My little girl Wanda was in school and Walter Bowler, (he was the Justice of the Peace there), he went down to the school an' got my little daughter an' took her home an' didn't let her know our house had burned down. He kept her there until we could break the news to her.

Anyway, the next day I went house hunting an' met a man that lived by my mother's. An' him an' his wife had separated an' divorced, an' he was tryin' to sell this little old home up there on the corner of Belmont and McCulloch Street. I asked if he knew any houses to rent or anywhere up close to where my mom an' dad lived. He says, "Well, I'll tell you, if you've got fifty dollars cash, you can have my little old house. It's not in very good shape," he said. "I wan' to sell it; I'm leaving town." So I went down an' drew out fifty dollars out of daughter's postal savin's, an' paid him, an' that was the way I got the little home that we fixed up an' lived in 'til we moved down here.

But durin' that fire, you'd be surprised how you get double strength. I was there alone, an' when I saw the house was on fire, by the time the firemen finally got there, (they got the wrong street from the woman that turned the fire in- they went up Brougher instead of Brian) when they got there I even had the washing machine, the big washing machine, drug out an' up on the side o' the hill. An' I had our trunks out of there an' I had most everything—the mattresses, an' how I ever took all that stuff out of that house, more than a man could have lifted, but I guess that you can do a lot when you're scared. But, all I lost was the food in the house. [It's amazing how your adrenalin does work when you need it.]

Well, it must have been right after that or just before that that the bank closed.

Not too long after that. Then my dad always used to say he was glad that old shack burned down because now Leafy's got a nice little home up here close to our house [Laughs throughout]. Might as well laugh about stuff as to cry. The only thing that was funny—when my poor mother, she was ironin', she'd gone to ironin' as soon as I left, an' she saw that fire an' she stood out there wringin' her hands on the porch sayin', "My girl's house is on fire!" and she almost set their whole house on fire with the iron on the ironin' board. Had a big hole burnt in it!

But the people were very good to me when I bought this little place up there on the corner of Belmont an' McCulloch. They got trucks an' hauled all my stuff down there an' helped me get moved into the little new house. So that helped out too. But I still grieved about my little home un there. I'd fixed it up an' I was happy in it. It was just a hole in the safety flue that hadn't been discovered an' when the fire went up the chimney a little too strong an' the sparks went in the ceiling, it was cloth ceiling, so it didn't take long for it to start burning. I know when I was carrying the stuff out of there, there was fire all above my head an' I didn't even think about it caving in on me [Chuckles]. I just kept packin' my stuff out. Saved our clothes an' everything like that. I can remember the canned goods in the cupboard. All the water and ice on it when we went back, everything was frozen the next mornin'! Ice all over the floors. The roof was completely gone, just the walls was standing. So that's what happened to that little home. Just have to take things on the chin in this old life an' keep strugglin', an' you lose one thing, get another. Work hard an' build up some more.

You know these locked horns that I fixed that I showed you—I mounted these deer heads that were found dead that way—these

old skeletons an' I fixed them an' still have here in the home, an' they're out there now on the wall?

Yes.

I had fixed those an' those were screwed onto the wall with long screws in that little home that burned down. The waterman in Tonopah—he got there before the fire trucks did—an' the fire was almost to get those mounted deer heads, an' everybody in Tonopah loved those [Chuckles]. He got on a chair an' threw an old oilcloth tablecloth over the top of those deer heads, so the fire wouldn't fall down on them, an' he yanked 'em an' yanked 'em, 'til he got 'em off of the wall. An' he saved those locked horns that's out here in this house after all these years, that you've seen too. Only for Earl Mayfield yankin' those off of the wall—he saved those. I've got him to thank for savin' those for me. He was one of the people that took his pickup an' helped move all my stuff up to the other little house. He was a good friend of all the family. So I got that little souvenir from that burnt house, anyway, that you see yet. Still have them out here in the rumpus room of this home here in Fallon.

TONOPAH—THEN AND NOW

Oh, we had many friends in Tonopah that we had to leave when we moved down to this valley, an' after a few years we had just as many down here. We made friends everywhere we went. We was glad of that. But we knew so many families up in Tonopah there, in the early days before we moved down here. The Perchettie family an' the Naismith family lived on the same street as we did, an' Dr. R. R. Craig, one of the finest doctors in Nevada at that time, he lived close to us there in

Tonopah, an' him an' his family was real good friends to us. Then there was Scott Jameson and Lettie Jameson—they were Reno people an' they lived next door to us on Belmont Avenue, real fine people. He was a miner. The Basan'i family, Harrington family and the McQue family, the Wardle family, Sheriff Bill Thomas' family, Julian Smith an' all his family, I also knew Minnie Blair's family—they used to come out to Barley Creek an' camp an' fish out to the ranch when we lived there. I remember when I was just a kid when they come out there an' she loved to see me draw pictures. She had me drawin' pictures all the time they was there at the ranch. I guess she still had some of 'em down here in Fallon.

An' then there was the Traynor families, the Parde, family, Willie Crowell family, an' the Roberson family. And Georgie Porter was a music teacher; she was a colored lady. We knew her and her sons. They were wonderful people. And the Murnane family and Walter Bowler—he was the one that married Emery and I when we got married. He was the Justice of the Peace. And we knew the Barton families and the Johnsons, an' Donahugh families, Dr. Henry Valenta and his family and Dr. Cherry and his family, the Kirchins—I guess I could go on and on namin' all these people that we knew in Tonopah, but that's just a few of some o' the families that we knew up there. I knew all the Eason families up there, Boscovich family, Beko family. Bill Beko is the District Judge right now in Tonopah. An' the Clifford family, the Nay families were all relatives of mine. The Antoniazza families and the Henderson families—Lee Henderson owned the Mizpah Garage in Tonopah for years.

An' there was the Joe Bird family an' all their children. They owned the Bird's Market Store there. An' the Quas family—Leo Quas owned the dairy in Tonopah. Emery worked for him for awhile before we was married. An'

there was the Will Marsh family—that was Senator Bill Marsh's family. Harrington family, Johnny Harrington—he runs Coleman's Grocery store up there in Tonopah, yet. An' Rosie Walters—she lived at Belmont for many years. She was a real pioneer up in that country. An' the Cornell families, an' the Boni families, and the Francisco families, an' I knew the Berquet families from Manhattan, all the Humphrey families. I guess I could go on an' on. Maybe, Carol, before we finish this story, I'll think of a lot more importan' people up there—so I don't leave very many out, okay?

After you left Tonopah, and moved into Fallon, did you go back to visit? And if so, what changes did you see in the city of Tonopah, and what were some of the things that you did?

Well, Carol, we went back every year for Memorial Day, 'cause our family's buried up there in Tonopah. An' while my sister an' her son was on the Hot Creek Ranch we'd go up an' stay for maybe three or four days or a week—Memorial Day.

While we were there, 'fore we'd come back, we'd probably put up a lunch, an' make a trip to Barley Creek, Emery and I would. Go un to our old home in Monitor Valley. Take our lunch and go un on the hills. Take pictures above the ranch and pictures of the ranch. An' a lotta' stuff had gone to pieces on the ranch. Some o' the buildings had fell down, and some of it they'd improved. But a lot of it was tumbled down, too.

Oh, I think one thing seemed so funny to me when we went back up there a couple times to Barley Creek. I remembered the ol' trash piles where we hauled garbage, when I was a kid, buried it out on the flat an' the gulches, an' dump it in the gulch, then shovel dirt over it. An' bein's we started to be bottle diggers down here, an' collectin' bottles,

we went to those old places an' we dug up fabulous old crockery jugs, and stuff that we'd used years before. An' I remembered where these old trash piles were. Some places the sand was a couple of feet deep in the gulches where they was. But we dug up old ink bottles an' old beer bottles, a lot of 'em with Buffalo Brewin' on 'em. And just about every kind of bottle we used in those days. Little did I think when I was a kid—we'd bury that old trash that some day I'd be going up there when I was a grandmother diggin' it all up, and cleanin' it all up to put on shelves on display with our bottle collection, many years and years later. But that's what we did!

At Tonopah the last few years that we went back, there was an awful change. So many of our friends had died up there seemed like. Every year there'd be several of our friends we'd been raised with were gone, when we'd go back. An' now its worse than ever. There's not too many people up there that I know anymore. It's one of those things. It used to be hard for us to go back.

We also used to go back in the fall while my sister and her son was on the Hot Creek Ranch. When deer season came, we'd go up there and they had horses and we'd hunt deer, and we always came back with our big buck from up there. An' then after my sister left Hot Creek, her and the boy, an' after she passed away,* then we used to hunt down here. We hunted afoot, an' that was a lot different than huntin' horseback. [Chuckles].

But we always enjoyed our trips back up in that country. We generally went to stay for a few days each time, especially when we went to Barley Creek, back to Monitor Valley, to look over our old home. Kinda' sad to go back but still we loved it.

* See collected papers.

How did the city of Tonopah actually change? What differences were there from the times you used to live there?

Well, the last time or two we went back, even the roads were in different places. The street where we used to go up over the summit to go out into Monitor Valley, and Ralston Valley, you had to go a different road to get up there. It was closed on the streets that we used to go on. A lotta' changes like that.

An' then there was a lotta' changes in the buildings. Where Coleman's store was when we lived there, that was gone, an' it was way down on Main Street. They built a big store there. The same man was running it, but ... An' they had built a beautiful new post office. An' it was in a different part of the town. An' some of the big clubs there had burned down. An' I think now they're rebuildin' 'em, I heard. The old Mizpah Hotel, they're rebuildin' it, too, and makin' a different place out of it.

Well, there's just new stores up there, an a lot of the old stores that were there when we were there, are different altogether. I don't even know the names o' some of them. In fact I haven't been back up there, for, oh, about six years now, so I wouldn't know about it. But there is a lot of changes, an' so many new people.

All those trips, though, that we made to Tonopah. It brought back so many memories an' we run into so many people all those years that we had known. An' Tonopah did have so many friendly people—in a little town like that where we grew up with people like that. It was almost like goin' home an' visitin' a whole bunch o' relatives [Chuckles]. We enjoyed our trips back there all the time.

An' Tonopah was where there were many mighty fine people. We found that out living there. When one person got into trouble, anything happened, you had a lotta bad luck

or somethin', everyone was right there to help you in that little town. I find it that way pretty much here in Fallon—the same way. People have a fire or something, we all give what we can an' help 'em get started again. That's the way we should live.

BARLEY CREEK ANECDOTES

Going back in the story where I was tellin' you different things, so many things that my mother did things she made. She even made our own homemade root beer, kept back in that old dark root cellar in the hill there, where it was so cold and we kept all our vegetables an' stuff. Us kids, we'd always get the big quart beer bottles every place we'd find 'em an' clean 'em all up an' polish 'em all up, sterilize 'em , an' Mother had a beer capper an' she'd buy the caps an' she'd make the homemade root beer and us kid'd help her an' then we'd put it in the root cellar there for so long, until it fermented and we had our root beer in there.

So Daddy'd gone back in this dark cellar to get a couple quarts of root beer for all of us an' we'd bring it out and put it in the cold ditch where it'd get cold—we didn't have any icebox. When he got back in there, he had a flashlight an' he started listening an' he thought, "I've gotta' tell Mom one of her root beers isn't sealed; it's leaking." It was ahissin' an' abuzzin' in there. Well, he listened and looked all over through the root beer and finally he looked up above his head an' it was a big rattlesnake on the ridge pole buzzin' above his head [Laughs]. He thought it was a leaker [Laughs]! So he hurried out of there and headed for the house. An' he got his old twenty-gauge shotgun and went back in there. It almost deafened him and he sure blew that rattlesnake to pieces up on the ridge pole. We sure did have a lot of funny things happen with rattlesnakes and nobody got bit

with them. But Mother, she made just about everything, you know, like that.

Now you've told us how you made your own root beer up there at Barley Creek. Were there any other things you made to help in the cooking and preparation of food and other things that you did up at Barley Creek?

Oh, yeah, this is going to be funny to tell this. This is kinda' cute. My mother, she was a great person to make mincemeat, an' raisins were cheap in those days, an' her sister lived down in Corcoran, California, and she used to send her big crates of raisins an' Mama'd order 'em sometimes from her an' they got so they were just dirt cheap. It was ten cents for a pound of raisins, an' curran's an' stuff like that, an' candied fruit. It was all cheap. I think my mother made about the best mincemeat of anybody in this world. Everybody always said she did. When she made mincemeat, she made sometimes five gallons or ten gallons at a time an' most the time she did it in deer season, 'cause you use the neck meat of the deer. That made the best mincemeat of all—the meat off the deer's neck. An' then the beef an' tallow an' stuff that she put in it. An' in that she had to put quite a lot o' whiskey in the mincemeat to preserve it an' they do still nowadays.

But she got to thinking, "I did everythin' else!" So, one day she was lookin' through a magazine. I don't know what it was—a farm journal or some kind of a magazine. She found a little tiny bit of a 'still' advertised in it, just like they'd advertise anythin' else. She didn't think anything about it. She thought, "Wouldn't that be handy? I could make distilled water with that. An' make my own whiskey to fix in my mincemeat an' my plum pudding an' the fruitcakes an' stuff." So she sent the order in an' got this little tiny 'still', a

funny-lookin' little thing. I can remember it yet. It was a little copper kettle with kind of a pointed top on it an' the copper tubes come out from the top of it an' went on into coils. An' then she made this mash. I can remember how it looked an' everythin'. I can't explain it too good. But anyway, she got the little old still and she thought, "Well, I can make distilled water an' I can make a little bit of whiskey for here." An' she didn't always have whiskey when she wanted it to make mincemeat. She made lots of mincemeat an' you had to have whiskey to preserve it. So, I can remember she had it out in an old wash house an' everybody that come by knew she had that little tiny still. I think, if I remember right, she only made maybe a gallon or two a year, somethin' like that, with it. Just enough for her to use for her cookin' that she wanted. An' she made the distilled water for the batteries for the cars [Chuckles]. She had a little old wooden keg there an' I can't remember the mixture, even, she put in it. But she made a mash of some kind, with yeast an' barley an' corn an' sugar an' all kinds of stuff. She let it stand so long 'til it fermented. An' then she would skim all that off of it, an' strain it to get all the mash out of it, an' then put it in this little still. I remember one funny part of it [Chuckles]. One of us kids took some of it, threw it in the yard an' an old rooster come by an' chickens, an' picked up a bunch of it an' eat it an' the rooster went staggerin' across the yard like he'd taken a drink of whiskey [Laughs throughout]. I remember that part of it. We used to laugh about that. It did, it made chickens drunk—the mash that you strained off of anything like that if they eat it. Anyway, some nights she put this in this little still an' built a wood fire under it in this old cook stove she had in this washroom. Steam went through these copper coils some way—I can't explain it. I was too young to remember [Chuckles].

It went through these hot coils an' then they went down into some more coils, into a tub o' cold water out o' the ditch. She kept that water cold. An' then on the end of that, she had a piece of string, clean string, tied to the end of that tube an' that went down into a half gallon jar. The vapors condensed in some way, an' the whiskey come out o' there. It dripped down into the jar. It was slow makin' but that's when it was makin' whiskey. Then she burnt a little bit o' sugar after she got all through. When she made a couple of gallons of whiskey, she'd take an aluminum pot or somethin', an' put just maybe half or a quarter of a teacup o' sugar on the stove in the pot, an' let it melt on until it burned brown. Have you ever did that to flavor stuff with? An' then she put a little water in that an' let it boil down, then she'd take a few teaspoons of that an' put in each quart o' whiskey she made an' that would color it the pretty color of whiskey, an' at the same time it flavored it some way, too, I guess. Anyway, she made enough whiskey to last each year. She only did this for a few years, 'cause she made lots of fruitcakes. She'd make it in these old-fashioned milk pans, we'd keep milk in the agate ones. She'd make great big fruitcakes, the best, rich fruitcakes an' bake 'em in one of those big pans. An' most of the time through the summer we had fruitcake when we wanted it. Every so often she'd take whiskey and bathe them with it. An' that was the way she preserved them.

Then at Christmas an' Thanksgiving an' New Years time, she'd make a big plum puddin' and she made it almost the same as the fruitcake—real rich. An' she tied it up in a clean dish towel and boiled it for hours an' hours in a big pot o' water. Steamed pudding is what it was. I know my dad used to make us laugh when Mom undid these great big plum duffs she called it. It was full o' whiskey, too, same as the fruitcake—put lots of whiskey in

it to keep the moisture. Daddy used to say it looked 'just like a beef paunch, an' you've butchered a beef,' he says, when she took it out of there—that big plum pudding [Laughs]. But she would take that, too, an' then she'd make whiskey sauce. She'd make it some way with burnt sugar an' water an' cinnamon an' all kinds of stuff, an' thicken it with cornstarch, an' then put quite a bit o' whiskey in it, an' that was the sauce she put over the plum pudding.

I used to make that whiskey sauce an' still did 'til a few years ago when I was still cookin' Christmas dinner. Everybody wanted that on their apple pie whiskey sauce—it's delicious! Anyway, she was happy with her little still, 'cause we was a long ways from town, an' everytime she needed some whiskey, we didn't have it an' it was expensive to buy an' so she'd just make it with her little still, same as she made other stuff at the ranch.

Anyway, one day Daddy was gone to town. Somebody come into the ranch an' they was talkin' about a couple of government officers was around the country tryin' to find somebody that was running a big still an' selling bootleg in Manhattan an' Tonopah. An' they figured they was on some ranch somewhere. Poor Mama, with her little teeny still [Chuckles throughout]! It scared her so bad! She thought, "Oh, I wonder if they'd pick me up for having this little teeny one that I've made whiskey for our own use for"—medicines—they used it for medicines in those days, a lot. A hot toddy when you had a bad cold or somethin'. Anyway, she wasn't gonna' get into any trouble over that little teeny still. It was a little bit of a thing, she was using. She said, "You kids come with me," after this man left the ranch. She said, "We're gonna' get rid of that still an' I'll never make any more whiskey for us even" I remember how we got shovels, us two kids, an' Mama an' we went away down in the old potato

patch. Dug a great big deep hole, an' felt so bad when we dumped that little tiny still, an' all the boils an' the whole works down in there, an' then covered it all up with grass an' weeds an' dirt an' everythin'. An' that ended the little still. Papa said, "I don't think they'd even bothered you when you was just makin' somethin' for your own use." But I imagine they would. But she was innocent, though of it, all the time thinking—until she found out they was hunting for people. Well, see, they was after someone that was really bootleggin' an' sellin' whiskey, but all she was makin' was a few bottles a year for her own use. Anyway, somewhere down in the old potato patch, way down by the willows at Barley Creek, there's a little old copper still. Maybe someday somebody will be diggin' around in there an' dig out this little old ancient still my mother had [Chuckles].

You know, Carol, so many strange things happen in a fellers' life while you're growin' up that sorta' stay fresh in your memory. Just like it had happened only yesterday. I remember one time in the early twenties—my dad, an' mom, and my sister Emma and I had gone to Manhattan for the day to do a little shoppin' for supplies and pick up our mail, in Belmont. It was a cloudy day. Just sprinkled a little on us on our way back toward Belmont. Then when we topped Belmont Summit it looked like a small cloudburst down near White Sage Flat. It looked so black, the rainclouds, in that one little area.

When we got down there, the storm had passed over, on down the valley, but there were deep puddles everywhere, an' the ruts in the road were still partially full of water, for about a half a mile. An' it had rained down frogs an' pollywogs so thick—they were like a swarm of grasshoppers. They were just everywhere! We had to run over thousands o' 'em.

The car wheels and fenders were such a mess when we got to the ranch.—it made us all about sick [Chuckles]. Dad had to work a couple o' hours with buckets of water at the irrigation ditch cleanin' the wheels, an' fenders an' running boards on his poor old car.

I was still just a teenager, an' it was hard for me to believe that sight. I asked Daddy, "Where in the world did they come from?" He seemed to have heard of it somewhere before. He said some of these terrific big twisters or whirlwinds probably picked them up hundreds o' miles away in some wet area where there was ponds with lots of 'em in it. An' carried them in the clouds and dumped them back down on the earth in that little cloudburst. I used to tell people about that an' some would tease me an' say, "Leafy, what brand was you drinking that day?" Well, I never did drink so I had them there.

My kids and grandkids believed me years later, when I told them this strange story. I guess it's like when some people see a flyin' saucer. They keep it to themselves 'cause someone wouldn't believe them anyway. So many times I hesitated about tellin' my strange story about the frogs in Monitor Valley years ago.

However, I was sure thrilled this past summer of 1979. I don't remember what month it was, I think it was June or July, but I happened to turn on the radio station KVLV here in Fallon. An' Bill Oar, our disc jockey, was givin' the news. At the end of the news he said he had a special article that made the world news. An' here it was—a story how a hard rainstorm had rained down frogs so thick it was unbelievable, somewhere—I think it was in Australia. I'm not sure. Anyway, I went straight to the phone an' called the radio station an' told Bill Oar my story. How it rained frogs in Monitor Valley. An' I couldn't make people believe me that it really

happened years ago. I never did forget that. An' I was sure relieved when Bill Oar read that story—how it had rained the frogs in Australia. I thought that that kinda' confirms my story now if anybody's listening that didn't believe me.

THE SALE OF THE RANCH

Then goin' back to our life on that ranch. We'd been there since 1911, an' we was always a big, happy family an' all worked together. Daddy suddenly died of a heart attack there in the house, the first of April, 1939,* an' that kinda' spoiled everythin' for us there. We never—was any of us were happy there after that. Seemed like him an' Mother... When they'd been living in Tonopah, they'd gone out an' got a load o' wood for their home there in Tonopah. An' Mother, she loved to go in the hills with Daddy. Everythin' he did, she was right there with him. An' she slipped an' fell this day an' broke her ankle. She was in the hospital for two or three months, I guess. Finally after we got her home an' she got the cast off o' her leg, it was time for 'em to move home in the spring, back to the ranch.

So we kids watched over Mama, an' Daddy went home an' he was gonna' tidy up the house an' get it all ready to bring Mama home. So he cleaned an the bedroom. My nephew was there, an' a fellow by the name of Joe McCann, that he'd hired for the winter to stay there a few months. They were outside tendin' to their chores, an' Daddy, he was in the house cleanin' up the house. He wanted to clean the bedroom all up nice so it'd be clean when Mama got there that day. He'd been washin' the windows in the bedroom an' dustin' the ceilin' down. He decided to wash one of the walls down, an' he still had the rag in his hand where he'd been washin' the wall. He fell, dropped dead of a heart attack right in the dinin' room. When

my nephew an' Joe McCann came in from outside, they found him.

At the same time, Mother—my sister was taking her home. That was a sixty-mile trip from Tonopah. Well, they got part way home an' they met my nephew, an' he told 'em Daddy had dropped dead of a heart attack. It was all quite a tragedy—sudden thing like that.

After that none of us were happy. We tried to stay there an' help Mama, but Mother didn't—she wasn't happy there anymore. So we decided it was better for her to sell it and move to town. She was gettin' old. But we stayed there 'til 1941.

In the fall of 1941 we left there. We sold our cattle. Emery an' I sold ours, but my sister, though, didn't sell their cattle. They kept their cattle. Mother sold her cattle an' the ranch to some man by the name of Mr. Cauthen from Arizona. An' my sister an' her husband an' my nephew, Melvin Filippini, they bought the Hot Creek Ranch over the mountains—over in Hot Creek Valley, an' took their cattle over there an' that's where they lived—on the Dugan Ranch. They bought it from George Dugan. An' then Mother, she kept a few head o' her cattle an' they run 'em, an leased 'em from her, so many of 'em. She would spend the summer months with my sister on the Hot Creek Ranch. Then she would come to Fallon an' stay through the winter with Emery an' I down here until she died then, eight years after Daddy did—died in 1947, here in Fallon.*

* See collected papers.

FALLON, NEVADA

GUALT RANCH

There was one thing, when we had to move away from Monitor Valley, an' move down to Fallon, we had to give up lots o' things, an' that was our horses. We hated to part with our horses. There was no way we could keep them down here. So, some of our favorite horses, that we had to part with, the Cavanaugh brothers bought them from us. An' they give 'em a good home. We only had one horse after we moved down to Fallon. Then the neighbors loaned us horses, an' we'd feed 'em. An' then we could use their horses. So we mostly always had a horse or two out to our ranch here in Fallon. But it was a big change to come down here, an' go into an' altogether new business. But we did it!

Another thing, as long as we would never be satisfied in any place but a ranch, where we could have cattle an' horses an' all kinds of animals an' live out in the country. One reason we really wanted to settle down here in Fallon was because there was a school here for the daughter to continue on through

school an' have the ranch right here an' an easy place for her to get to school. I didn't wan' to have a place way out in the country so far from school, like it was up around that area where we had lived. So that made it so nice. The bus'd come right by the ranch and pick up the daughter an' take her to school—graduated from school here, but she didn't wan' to go on to the University. She just said her high school education was all she wanted. I provided music lessons for her and she was a beautiful musician.

Out here in Fallon we even took the job o' milkin' a dairy herd o' cows for Norman Shuey, sides all the work we did on our own place. We'd have t' get up about two o'clock in the mornin'. Go over an' milk the herd o' cows, in cold weather [Chuckles]. We did that for quite awhile too!

I guess we didn't think we had enough to do. We even made friends with a lot o' the people right away when we moved to Fallon. They found out we played the guitars, an' harmonica, an' that Wanda played the piano, the daughter. So Vernon Mills and

Ray Alcorn—some neighbors out there close to where we lived, an' we got acquainted with—they heard us playin', so they decided they was gonna' get us together. Vernon and Ray Alcorn, they both played saxophones. An' they figured Wanda could play the piano, an' me the guitar.

So we decided to try it. They got us together to start a little band, a western band, to play for dances [Chuckles]. We called it King's Band. We played for several years after we first moved to Fallon. Anyway, it was funny. Vernon Mills, he wanted to put Emery on the drums. An' he had [Chuckles] an ol' set o' drums, an' they was in an old chicken house. Somehow the chickens had got up there an' roasted on 'em. They wasn't in very good shape. But he brought 'em up an' gave 'em to Emery. An' they washed 'em, cleaned 'em all up, painted 'em fancy. An' Vernon, he taught Emery how to play the drums. So there we had our drummer!

But we made pretty good money playin' at night for dances. We played for some o' the rodeo dances here in Fallon. An' we played steady at the Fraternal Hall down here. Sometimes there was a thousand or more people up there dancin'. An' we could o' played out to Gabbs, an' other places, but we couldn't stretch ourselves that far tryin' to take care o' the ranch. But we did that for about three or four years, I guess. We made twenty dollars apiece—that was good wages in those days. Besides, we'd get a lotta' tips we'd divide up playin' for the sailor boys. They'd come up an' ask us to play certain tunes, an' they'd lay down some money. An' it all went into a kitty for all of us to divide up. I remember one night we went home with thirty-three dollars apiece, one night with the tips an' all. I know Emery an' Wanda an' my part was ninety-nine dollars, But it was really

a lotta' money in those days! 'cause even hay wages then—they was only payin' the men a coupla' dollars a day—even a cowhand. So we thought we did pretty good.

Since you saw Fallon in 1942, what were your first impressions of the city as you saw it at that time?

Well, we moved to Fallon the eighth of June, 1942, and we moved onto a little ranch—the Gault Ranch—out in Sheckler District. An' to us, we was pleased with Fallon. We thought it was a beautiful valley, as long as we had to leave Monitor Valley. It hurt us to leave there. But still, we loved Fallon as soon as we came down here. We loved all the big ranches an' cattle an' horses of every kind o' breeds around here. We just loved the valley itself; although we knew it was goin' to be a lot different, ranchin' down here. But we figured we could do it, an' we did, an' we made good!

There was sure a lot of difference though, in the city. You wouldn't even know it was the same place! When we moved down here there wasn't hardly any traffic or anything. The town was small. There wasn't many stores here. Now I almost get lost around here. I can't believe it after all these years [Chuckles].

An' those ranches out there where we lived, there was only just scattered ranches 'cross there, an' now it's just like a city out there where we had our ranch. It just built up like a city out there, in just that length of time. It's almost unbelievable. Sometimes I hate to see all those pretty farms bein' torn to places, an' nothin' but houses built on it. Sometimes I wonder what they're gonna' do about raisin' food. Seem like the ranchland is being destroyed so much, to my notion. Places that was great big beautiful ranches

an' hay ranches an' garden spots—it's all filled with homes now. Sometimes when I ride around through the valley I can't believe that it's all changed like that.

Let's hope it's for the good. But, still I hope they keep some o' the land to farm. Probably need it.

We had quite a variety of animals to sell on that ranch out there in Sheckler District. We raised fryer rabbits, quite a few, an' we raised fryer chickens. We had about three hundred layin' hens, an' sold cases of eggs to Kent Company here, steady. An' we bought baby calves an' raised them for beef along with our own calves that we had from our cows. An' we milked twelve or fourteen head o' milk cows, an' sold the cream to the Crescent Creamery. An' we raised lots o' pigs on the separator milk, and raised a few geese an' ducks.

We had two large gardens and raised all our own vegetables. I canned around a thousand jars of vegetables, all mixed foods. Most everything we used at the ranch. Even put up some of our meat—canned it, an' our vegetable sours with meat in 'em. Put up all our jams and jellies, peaches and pears, all our applesauce. We had a large deepfreeze. Raised our own beef and pork, and fryer chickens an' rabbits. Kept it filled with our own meat steady.

We also packaged sometimes fifty or sixty pounds of asparagus, an' froze it in the freezer for winter. We churned our own butter. We had a vegetable cellar. Raised our own potatoes for winter, an' we always saved about five or six boxes of mixed apples for winter, our own apples. Sold the others to the stores an' people that came out there. We sold tons of apples from the place, an' pears.

An' we used to go to the river, in our spare time, an' catch crayfish—crawdads. Did you ever eat them, Carol?

I've heard that they are very good, but, no, I haven't had the opportunity.

Oh, they were delicious! An' we'd all go, an' sometimes we'd come home with about five or six hundred of 'em. An' then we'd all work scald 'em, cook 'em an' clean 'em. An' some I'd freeze little packages of 'em in the freezer. They were just like havin' our own shrimp all the time. An' then I'd put them up in little half-pint jars, an' pressure-cooked' 'em. It was just like canned shrimp, the kind you buy.

An' then I dried quite a lot of corn, but on screens—we'd cut it off the cobs and put it on screens—an' cover it up with cheesecloth, so the flies wouldn't get on it, or anythin'.

An' daughter and I used to go out an' gather great big sacks o' mushrooms. Clean those, an' we'd dry those, and have our own dried mushrooms. I was always a little leery o' gettin' the mushrooms, unless someone went with us that knew what they was doin'. Otherwise [Chuckles]... It was funny—I always used t' cook some of 'em, eat some of 'em first, before I fed 'em to the family. So if I got ahold of any bad ones ... [Chuckles throughout]! They used to laugh at me when I'd tell that [Still chuckling].

We raised lots of turkeys too. I don't know, I can't remember just how many hundred. Oh, I guess three or four hundred. I don't know how many years. One year we got an order for turkeys from the Winehouse Club in Reno, an' they wanted a hundred turkeys. Was in real cold weather, just before Thanksgiving. So we hired Armond Capucci, one of our rancher neighbors, to help us dress 'em. An' we got them all dressed, an' chilled them all nice. Went to town an' got big cardboard crates, crated 'em up, an' shipped 'em up there to the Winehouse Cafe.

An' the day that we shipped 'em, we knew they'd get 'em the same day, they'd arrive up there. About nine o'clock at night, we got a long distance phone call, an' says it's long distance from the Winehouse Club in Reno callin'. Oh, I just about fell over. Oh, I wonder if we did the turkeys right? Is something wrong with all our big batch o' turkeys there? They're not satisfied? So when I answered the phone, the manager said, "Mrs. King?", an' I said, "Yes." We said, "We just wan'a tell you that you sent us the nicest batch o' turkeys that we have ever bought, from anyone. They were dressed so beautiful an' clean, an' they are so plump an' fat an' nice. An' we just wanted to call right away and order a hundred an' fifty more from you." An' [Chuckles] we didn't have anymore to sell 'em. But that made us feel good 'cause it was new to us, all that ... We'd dressed quite a bunch before that, but to get a big order like that. That sure made us happy to think we did it right anyway.

You've mentioned to me that you and Emery quite often did spare jobs while you also worked your ranch out on the old Gault Ranch. What was the many other things that you did during that time?

Emery leased a couple o' places at different times. I think one was the Hillbig Ranch, for part of the hay, an' he'd put the hay up on it, an' some other place. I can't remember the different places, it was so long ago now. But we bought a nice tractor an' a hay windrower rake, an' he did custom work, an' he had so much work he couldn't handle it. He had to turn down lots of jobs. He did all the mowin' and rakin' on the big Shuey Ranch out here on the Reno Highway and he worked for Pflums, an' did the hay on the Alcorn places, an' I think he got on "Cub" McCains ranch.

He had so many ranches that he just couldn't handle anymore.

Now, over on the Clayton place, he would cut an' rake their hay. He did it for so much an acre, an' he did a good job on it an' there were times- even when they got in a pinch an' the men needed a tractor driver, why I took over that job drivin' tractor when they was short o' help. One year I drove the tractor quite a little bit for Percy Mills when he was balin' and always helped Emery when he needed help when he was doin' custom work, an' if he didn't have time to harrow our fields, why [Chuckles]. I hooked up the tractor while he was off on some other job an' harrowed our fields while he was workin' out. Sometimes he'd use someone else's tractor, too, their own tractor an' drive it on some certain jobs.

An' we enjoyed our trips to Lake Tahoe once in awhile, when we first moved down here. My goodness, it's different now [Chuckles]. Carson City wasn't very big either when we'd go through there. It wasn't a real big city at that time—when we first moved down to Fallon, An' we'd go an' take our lunch, an' take my mom an' Wanda, an' Emery and I'd go up there to Tahoe. We'd take a picnic basket an' some blankets an' pillows to set on. Go up an' spend the day by the lake. An' it was so peaceful and quiet! You'd see few things goin' on out on the lake. Not a lot o' traffic or anything at that time. An' now [Chuckles], you go up there—you're lucky if you don't get run over [Chuckles]. No place hardly to go spend a quiet day. But it just seems how the country's built up, since we moved down here.

RANCHING—GAULT VERSUS BARLEY CREEK

Since you have ranned in two different parts of the state, what were the differences you found

in ranching from Monitor Valley to the area around Fallon?

Well, up in Monitor Valley the elevation—the altitude is over ten thousand feet on top of Table Mountain.* I don't know exactly what it was right down to the ranch, but it was pretty high, too.

We only got about two crops of hay—alfalfa in Monitor Valley. Down here they get three or four crops—a lot of difference. Most of the people in Monitor Valley had wild hay ranches, grass meadows. We also had grass meadows but we had lots of alfalfa on Barley Creek. That way we got a first and second crop, an' that was all. The rest was just pastured from then on. We never got so many crops as they do down here.

And there was a lot of differences we found out, when we had to go to something flew to us altogether!—when Emery and I moved to Fallon. We had this open range on Barley Creek. But when we moved down to Fallon it was altogether a different life down here we had to get used to. By havin' a small ranch we had to keep what stock we had under fence all the time. We had to change from stock cattle to dairy cattle. An' raised a few beef cattle with them, what we could keep on the place.

Emery leased other places here in Fallon for more hay, and we'd feed 'em out that way. Oh, we had all kinds of things down here on our ranch. Raised four or five hundred turkeys, probably a thousand chickens a year.

Then we had what we called an old bug, an old car he had made into sort of a tractor, an' that was the one I drove a lot on the place. I'd drag the fields to drag the manure down in the spring when he was busy on some other jobs. Oh, we worked at all kinds of jobs like that on ranches. Didn't have enough to do on our own place, but we kept busy

[Chuckles]- the money coming in some way all the time.

You've also mentioned in the past, that your mother was a good carpenter. What were some of the things that she actually ended up doing with her talent?

Well, even as old as she was when we moved down here to Fallon, she still loved that old nail an' claw hammers an' saws. I'm telling you, she knew how to measure out lumber for a building, an' the first thing she thought of was to help Emery build a granary, an' she asked him how big he wanted the granary an' she drew out all the plans—figured out how much lumber he needed, for him to get, the nails an' everything an' she said, "If you'll saw the lumber, I'll measure it all out an' show you just how to put it up", and she did! He sawed all the lumber right where she marked it. Put up the nicest granary—it's still out there [Chuckles]. But, it seems so funny to see a woman that could do those things.

An' then we needed an extra bedroom. We only had the two an' we wanted one for Mom when she stayed with us, so she got busy an' Emery got some lumber an' she put in a partition in the glassed-in-porch, an' she partitioned it half off an' put in a nice door casin' an' door, an' another window in there an' when she got through, we had another nice bedroom. We just had to paint it. It was really somethin' to see a woman that could do the things she did.

I guess there is other women that do it. I looked across the street right here from where I live now, I saw a woman doin' carpenter work across the street with her husband.

*10,886 feet

She was doing the carpenter work an' sawin' things an' cuttin' just the same as he was, about a week ago. So I guess there's more than my mom that did that, but I don't think anyone could beat her [Laughs]. I did the same thing. We needed rabbit pens, so I got wire an' lumber, an' I built rabbit pens. They said they looked just as if a man built 'em. Built hog pens—it seems like we all worked out there.

I guess us women can do a lot of things if we just try. Emery was so proud of my mom, though. When anybody'd come to the ranch, he'd show 'em the granary she showed him how to build an' how she marked all the lumber in the correct places. He thought it was just great about my mother. He just loved her. But my mother could do that.

We had a big orchard—furnished the Kent Store, and sometimes the Safeway Store with lots o' apples that we picked out of our orchard out in Sheckler District that we had. An' we milked quite a few cows. We sold the cream to the creamery. We raised the hogs on the skimmed milk. And we raised little baby calves and raised 'em up to beef stock.

Oh, we were happy an' all that. We bought a nice tractor and a hayrake—did custom work for other ranchers. So we sure kept busy on our ranch! I used to get out and drive tractor for him, and help haul the hay, and sometimes even drive tractor for some of the other ranchers, when they needed help. So we kept busy all the time.

OUR YEARS LIVING IN THE CITY

Emery and I stayed on the Sheckler Ranch that we had out there in Sheckler District for eleven years. An' then he was offered a good job with Petrolane Company, the gas business here in Fallon. An' kinda' decided that maybe we'd rather just have a job an' work. So much

work on the ranch. An' sometimes the prices was up on stuff. About the time you raise a bunch o' chickens and got 'em ready for sale, the bottom would rail out of the prices. Turkeys the same way. So finally he decided he thought he'd try to take the Petrolane job, an' just have a job for a few years, an' make a livin' with that. So, in order to do that, we sold the ranch and moved into town here at four-ninety South Taylor Street where I still live. An' he worked for seventeen years for Petrolane Gas Company. There for a few years—I can't remember what years it was—he was boss down there for several years. An' then he was assistan' manager.

Then in 1970 he left that job, an' he got a good job at the Navy base [Fallon Naval Air Station] down here. He was a gas-heating equipment mechanic at the base. He was the only one that they had down there. He worked on the job an' was one of the best workers they had. Nobody could beat him on gas equipment, installing gas furnaces. He trained two or three other men down there for them. Some of the men are still working there that he trained. He was a self-taught gas-mechanic. He just loved that work, an' he took that up, an' you couldn't beat him. Everybody that anything went wrong with their stove, they'd come an' ask him for advice—what was wrong with it. An' he worked there until 1975.

An' in the year of 1974, he was ill an' went to the doctor and found out that he had cancer comin' on him. An' he went through an operation, an' for about a year he was in pretty good health. Then it came back on him in 1975, in March. The thirty-first of July he passed away with it.* Those things hit so fast.

Some pleasan' memories I have. On, it was August the third, 1957, we both decided

* See collected papers.

we would join the Mormon Church. That was before they had the new church here. We was baptized in the old church, the first one that was ever built here in Fallon. We was baptized in that. Then we went to Man'i, Utah, an' we were sealed in marriage the twenty-first of July, 1959. It's the same as goin' through a marriage again. We was remarried, but its' what they call a sealed marriage. You are married for time and all eternity, when you take those vows. Be together in this life always, an' in the other life—to come.

Then from 1959 to 1963, we were missionaries for the church. We did missionary work in the evenings in Fallon, Fernley, and Schurz. In those four years we baptized—I think it was thirty people; brought 'em into the church. We was pretty happy about that. An' t' think we made so many other people happy. An' that was quite an experience. It was somethin' to go around and teach the Bible in evenings to people. It was a pleasure to do that kinda' work. We really enjoyed it. An' we held lots a' other jobs in the church. I was a Sunday school teacher for a couple o' years, an' a relief society teacher. Oh, we just held down quite a few jobs in the church, both of us, up until the time Emery passed away,

FALLON EARTHQUAKES

Before you've mentioned to me, when we've discussed your life in Fallon since you moved to Lahontan Valley, the time you went through the experience of the earthquakes that happened in Fallon. Could you go more into that since it would be very interesting to have a firsthand account of what you felt and what you went through during the earthquake?

Well, it was pretty interestin' [Chuckles]. It just about scared us to death! It was a

strange thing. It was on the sixth of July, 1954. Emery's father, Bert King, come up to stay with us awhile. An' somehow, on the sixth of July, we decided we'd have a picnic, an' go over to Coleman Dam. Linda an' Billy, the grandkids, they was still little small kids then. So we took fishin' poles, and we put up a big picnic lunch an' a big canvas to set on over there. We put rocks around and made kind of a little place to build a fire. Roasted marshmallows, and I think we roasted weenies, too.

Anyway, there was my daughter, Wanda, and her husband, McNair—Mac, and their two little children, Billy and Linda, an' Emery's father and myself and Emery, an' Mrs. Howerton, a neighbor (out there in Sheckler District where we lived). We all got together an' put up this lunch and went out there to Coleman Dam for the day. An' we had more fun. We fished and we caught catfish and we caught trout, and we sat on the cement part of Coleman Darn. I've got pictures of it, yet, with us settin' there fishing. Down below the darn, the little kids was playin' an' wading in pools of water, and some of the family was watchin' them. There was one great big cottonwood tree there that wed spread the canvas down under. Sat down there and had our lunch, an' then we had our late supper there, too. I guess that's when we made the campfire there and cooked weenies for supper. We stayed out there pretty late.

We were all so tired when we come home and went to bed. It was pretty late by the time we got to bed. An' a few hours after we got to bed, it just sounded like a big truck hit the house. And it just about scared us to death. We tried to get up out o' bed, and we couldn't! It was throwing us back and forth in bed! The window blind was up a little, and we could look out and see fire falling all over out o' the power lines. An' the first thing we thought

of—we'd been bombed! Then all of a sudden, it dawned on us it was an earthquake! An' there wasn't no gettin' up. You'd get up an' it'd just throw you back down. Anyway, that was once that Emery said he started praying. He just knew that was the end for all of us. We just couldn't ride that earthquake out—but we did.

Anyway, when it was over, Dr. Woodward, a veterinary, lives right across the street here from us—the next morning when we went out, his top of his big brick chimney was laying over here on our lawn. It threw it clear across the street [Chuckles].

But that really scared us was when we found out that right where we had sat at Coleman Dam—had gone out a few hours after we sat on there and fished, and had the little kids below it. The whole dam went out. An' this great big monstrous cottonwood tree that we had had our picnic under was uprooted and standing with the roots in the air. We rode over there to see it, an' it just scared us all to think—just within a few hours we missed being in that dam going out, and that tree going over right where we sat. So we always felt the good Lord was really watching over us 'cause it wasn't only a few hours after we'd gone to bed, an' come home from there, that that all happened. It sure made us feel funny.

Oh, the destruction that was done here was terrific. We went out the next day to see Mrs. Clayton, old elderly lady that lived out across the road from us where we lived at the ranch before we, moved in here. She took us out in the pasture, and you know how rolls of carpet look when it's rolled up? It rolled up quite a little bit o' her pasture lend, just like rolls of carpet! It looked like big rolls of carpet out there in the pasture. Then there was cracks in the earth. Out there, you could take a little pebble an' drop in there, and you'd never hear how far it really went.

An' here alongside of our house, on the outside there, we had two big elm trees. An' it leaned 'em over almost halfway to the house, an' we had to have them taken out. It really was a rough earthquake. But that dam, it scared our whole family. For days we thought of that, how close, within a few hours.... We probably would've gotten killed there from the destruction of the dam that went out, and flooded everything.

It did quite a lot o' damage here in town, and stores was a mess! Quite a few buildings—it shook 'em down and damaged 'em. I think there was some people down in Stillwater got hurt. I think someone got a broken arm. It threw people completely across the house. Some places upset the iceboxes in the house [Chuckles]. It was sure a mess. I went out to my daughter's, out to McNair's on Schindler Road. It tore their chimney down. Piled it in the middle o' the floor! And the dishes out of the cupboard! What a mess it made of some people's houses. But they say it was worse down in Stillwater—the damage it did in some of the homes down there.

It split the highway—I don't know how wide, but that paper that I gave you to look at, did you see the size of the cracks in the highway?

Oh, incredible!

Then out to Fairview, that mountain out there. I guess it was unbelievable where it sloughed off, I think about fifteen feet deep in places, and in some places deeper than that. This big ditch was left out there. They still got the earthquake faults. You can ride out there and see. Haystacks went over. An' the funny part, the canals was full of water and, it slopped the biggest part of the water out of the canals. It threw the water out of 'em; splashed it out of 'em, just ashakin'. But what

scared us was when we looked out and saw all this fiery-like lightning, all over town, and that was the power lines hittin' one another. But the roar of that earthquake was terrific, and when it hit this house, it just felt like it went down [Chuckles].

We went through another one the twenty-third of August the same time. It was a pretty good one too. But every day for months and months we had fairly good earthquakes after that. Be setting here eatin' and all of a sudden the table'd start to rockin' [Chuckles]. People run out of their houses, a lot of 'em in their nightclothes, hollering, "It's a bomb" [Laughing]. One old man went out of his trailer house in his underclothes. I don't know who it was, I can't remember [Laughing]. This old man shouted, "It's a bomb!" but he scared a bunch o' people around here.

Oh, we had several other earthquakes, too. They had a real bad one here when Emery and I was (I can't remember the date of that one) on a trip an' we was up in Utah. An' I think Emery was taking a bath. We'd got this room in a motel, an' he was takin' a bath. An' all of a sudden, we felt this earthquake up there. He hollered out in the motel room, he says, "Hey, there's an earthquake!" I looked and the chandeliers was swinging. Then we started hearing the news, well, they practically told us—we thought Fallon had got wiped off of the earth, and we couldn't get through. We couldn't get a phone call through to see how the family was or what had happened here. An' we had paid for four days for our room in the motel, and we was going to spend it there in Utah. An' they felt so sorry for us to think that we couldn't get in touch with anyone in Fallon here. The phone lines was jammed and everything. So they gave our money back to us an' wished us luck on our way home. An' we packed up and left. Let our vacation go to the dickens [Chuckles].

When we got home, it had done quite a lot of damage here. It'd been a pretty bad one, but at least all the family was safe, an' everyone. My neighbor had come in. Mrs. Lem Allen was living next door then, an' she had my key and she come in and stuff was just teetering—different stuff—it hadn't fell clear over in the house. It was a pretty bad one, too. But we were so frightened, 'til we got home to see what had happened—the family—we didn't know whether someone had been hurt, 'cause they had told us it was a terrific earthquake. I can't remember what year that was; it wasn't that same year, I'm sure. It sure stopped our vacation in a hurry. It was sure nice of the people in the motel there. We figured, well, we'd paid for a room for four days, they won't give our money back. We'll just take off for home. But they come and offered. Said how sorry they was for us, that our vacation ended that way. Gave our money back and said, "May the Lord bless you that you get home safe." We drove and drove and never stopped to rest, or anything, 'til we got home. So, so much for the earthquake.

We'd just finished redoing this house here painting it an' everything. An' it just cracked everything to pieces in it [Laughs]. But in that first one, the one part was to think that our whole family could have been wiped out over there to Coleman Dam if that had come a few hours earlier, 'cause it just tore that big dam right out. And that tree—it was a monstrous big cottonwood. Where the big tree had stood, big, tall tree, just the roots was in the air showing. Wanda said, "Mama, don't that just scare you half to death, to think that we sat there a few hours before?" I imagine it was about six hours we'd been home when that hit out there, 'cause we stayed out there real late. The good Lord was kind to us. But that earthquake If you read those Fallon papers that I still have, it'll tell you more about the

damage. I don't remember all the places, but there was damage done all over. To think of those big deep canals and it swished the water out of 'em, over the bank! That's how hard it shook!

FALLON ANECDOTES

You've mentioned so many different lessons that you have learned through either experience or someone else. Are there any other lessons and experiences of life that you can remember having gone through?

Well, some of 'em were big lessons as I've told down through all the time we've been doing this story, how I learned my lessons the hard way. Some of 'em were big importan' lessons an' some of 'em were small things that amounted to quite a lot, too [Chuckles]. I remember when we first moved down here to Fallon. All my life since I was a kid I'd fished. I thought I was quite a fisherman an' I knew quite a lot about fishin'. Then after we moved down here, I found out there was a lot o' different fishin' besides just catchin' rainbow trout, which I was real good at. It was pretty rough fishing sometimes in the rugged stream in the mountains. But I loved to fish an' I was a good fisherman. Down here, after we moved here, Armond Capucci, our neighbor, said, "Some night when you get through the chores early," he said, "I'll come over and we'll get the gasoline lan'erns and we'll all go fishing down at Stillwater and catch catfish." Oh, I was thrilled to death! I didn't know what a catfish looked like. I had eaten some they brought to me that had already been cleaned and skinned. An' I just thought, "Well, they're like a trout." So a whole group of us went down to Stillwater and set up the gas lan'erns an' poles. Then after a little while I caught my first catfish,

and I'd had no idea hadn't been told anything about 'em. I threw him out in the tules, and he was close to the bank. An' he come off the hook, an' I ran an' pounced on him, with both hands, an' I run every needle in that catfish in my hands [Chuckles throughout].

I dropped him like he was red hot [Chuckles]. So that was another good lesson that I learned. Have you ever caught catfish?

Yes, I have, and they do hurt if you touch their whiskers or whatever they are.

Naturally I pounced on him like I would a trout with both hands, so he wouldn't get back in, cause he was a good-sized one. I sure learned a lesson—how to catch catfish [Chuckles].

At the same time that night, when we got through—there was quite a crowd of us fishing— we all threw in our catfish, all together, in a barley sack. An' when we went to carry 'em to the car, Emery didn't think anything about it an' he swung 'em up over his back to carry them. And, oh, he run those fins all over his back! So we both learned a lesson about catfish that we'd never caught before [Chuckles throughout]. So that was another lesson I learned. It was a small one, but I remembered it! It wasn't like catching trout.

You know, Carol, too, you've asked me about certain things that happened in my life that kinda' stood out in my mind, an' I didn't forget. I told you already about the frogs in Monitor Valley, the strange story that I'd never forgotten. Since I lived here on Taylor Street, something else happened, here at four-ninety South Taylor Street about ten years ago.

I was out on my lawn doin' somethin', and I looked down towards the football field right across the street from us, an' for a minute I

thought I was seein' things [Chuckles]. An' then I kept lookin' and sure enough here was a monstrous big mountain lion—came out of the football field in broad daylight! And I watched it and it bounded slowly across the street over up there close to where Orville Fallis lives now.

I couldn't believe my eyes I thought, well, should I call the police? Oh, what'll I do! Nobody'll believe me. They'll say: what's that ol' gal been drinkin', or what in the world? There's no mountain lions on Taylor Street! [Chuckles]. So I went out and got in our car an' drove up the back alley where I thought I might run into it and see really what it was doin'! Or if it was rabied or anything. But I drove all over up there and couldn't find it anywhere, or see it. So I come back and I still thought I should call the police. An' still I was afraid they wouldn't believe me—like people when they see a UFO, they generally won't tell it [Chuckles].

Anyway, I waited till Emory came home from the base from work. I told him what happened. The first thing he said was, "Well, did you call the police? Maybe it was rabied!" I said, "No, I was afraid they wouldn't believe me. They'd think I was drunk or something" [Chuckles]. Anyway, we got in the car and we drove up the back street to see if we could see it anywhere.

Finally stopped up at the Spudnut Shop to go in there. Think Emory had some work he had to do in there for Spudnut Bill. He had something to fix on his stove or something like that.

Anyway, when we got in there we decided to get some ice cream. While we was settin' there, they all started laughin' about this fella' that had come runnin' in there a few hours before—a hitchhiker. He'd been down at the crossroads. An' he was settin' there on the road—looked around, and here was this

big mountain lion sneakin' on him with two big cubs followin' her. He took off arunnin' Went down to the Spudnut Shop, an' they said he was just as white as a ghost when he came in there. An' I don't know if anyone believed him. But I sure did 'cause I'd seen the mountain lion!

Anyway, they killed the big one down in Freeman's field a short time later. An' then one of the young ones wound up in someone's garage at the base, an' someone had to kill it. The other one was in someone's place, and they killed it.

So that's my story about the mountain lion. But I was sure scared to tell that, but it was really the truth! I guess I'd o' never said anything to anybody but Emory, if it hadn't been for that hitchhiker seem' it [Chuckles]. I guess it really scared him! Funny things happen in our lives sometimes!

MY POETRY COLLECTIONS

You are the author of two poem books, Western Poems and Western Poems No. 2. I would be interested and I think everyone else would, in how your poetry first developed and where your ideas came from and when you first became interested in poetry—the idea of writing poetry about your surroundings and things you did.

Viell, I guess I always loved poetry. I sang songs with my father so much, and the songs that he sang, old songs—they all had a story to 'em. Most of them were sad, too, like "Little Mohee", there was quite a story to that, and "Billy Vanero", a cowboy that got shot by the Indians when he was trying to save his girl, and each song had a story to it. I know one he used to sing about a dyin' ranger, an' oh, so many others, an' he used to teach me these songs, an' down in my heart, I wanted to write songs myself about things that I saw happen on the range. I thought, "Gee, I could write poetry or somethin'. Maybe I could make songs out of some of the things that I've seen go on in my lifetime."

So I guess the first poem I ever wrote was there was three boys, young kids from Tonopah. They came up to the ranch and they was either goin' huntin' or fishin' or somethin', and they were only kids about fourteen years old, an' they had an ol' rattletrap of a car [Chuckle], a stripped down ol' car, with beds on there, an' out for a good time. I guess they didn't think it necessary to buy a huntin' license. So they just went up Barley Creek an' a forest ranger came down the canyon an' he nabbed the poor kids. An' they were very dear friends of ours, these boys from Tonopah. Anyway, he made my father take them to Manhattan to the Judge an' say that they had been doing wrong, that they was fishin' an' huntin' out a season. My dad said, "I don't wan' to mix in this. It's none of my business." The forest ranger said, "Well, if you don't do this for me," he said, "I'll revoke sour permit for your cattle, because it's your duty to take me to town with those kids." And Dad said, "All right, but," he said, "I don't see why I have to do somethin' like this, but I guess

I'll have to if you say so." So he got the car an' took the forest ranger and the kids into Judge Humphrey there, an' the Judge give 'em quite a talkin' to. Finally he said, "You kids ever been in trouble before like this?," and they said, "No, none of us have." An' he said, "Will you promise faithfully that you will go get your huntin' license and fishin' license?" An' he said, "If you promise you won't never do a thing like this again," he says, "I'll give you a suspended sentence." So he turned the kids loose an' they went an' got their license an' went back up to Barley Creek [Chuckles throughout]. Anyway, they were so frightened an' they knew that my dad couldn't help it 'cause he had to take 'em. He hated to get into something like that, 'cause it wasn't any of his business what the kids were doin' up there. So anyway, after they came back from their trip, they stopped by and visited in the afternoon, oh, a few days later. One of 'em said to me, "Why don't you write a poem? You're always singin' songs an' everything. Why don't you write a poem about someone huntin' deer out of season an' a ranger catching them? And then when the ranger comes," an' they was laughin', Just a bunch of kids, "then you sing it to the forest ranger next time he comes," An' do you know, I sat down an' I wrote "When the Lupine Blooms Again" and it's all about the ranger catching someone, an' the way I wrote it, it sounded like it was me [Laughs], I thought afterwards.

But in Tonopah, after I wrote that (I wrote it to the tune of "When the Roses Bloom Again"), an' every kid in Tonopah, I think, learned to sing that song Leafy wrote. That was my first poem that I wrote, an' that was in 1934. So that was my first poem.

An' then the next poem that I wrote was when my father died. I wrote that one -"Monitor Valley:" It kinda' told the story about my mother and daddy ownin' a cow

ranch in Monitor Valley and how us kids, my sister an' I grew up there as cowgirls an' how we rode the range with my parents an' kinda' told the story of our life an' how I still had all these memories, an' wondered if we'd ever be happy again, with one of our parents gone like that. That was in 1939—I wrote that when my daddy passed away.

An' then later that summer. I wrote "Keno the Cow Horse." That was about how I got this horse out of the Tonopah rodeo where they was abusin' him—makin' him buck an' he was a pretty buckskin colt. An' I felt sorry for him an' I thought, "Oh, if I could just trade them a mean horse we had out in the valley that none of us could ride, I'd get that horse an' take it home an' see if they could break it an' make a saddle horse out of it". So I went to this man that was the head of the rodeo an' asked him if he'd trade me this buckskin colt that wouldn't buck, that they was spurrin' an' tryin' to make a mean animal out of him. He said, "Yeah". I said, "I've got an old outlaw up in Monitor Valley we'll trade."

So he traded—an' I took this horse home an' turned him in the corral an' petted him every day, an' fed him sugar an' made over ham, an' one clay, crawled on him an' rode him for the first time an' he didn't even buck or anythin'. An' I rode him down the valley an' I was so happy an' thrilled! I knew I was gonna' have one of the best cow horses in the country. An' that was him. I named him Keno.

Then after I had him broke an' even taught him some tricks, my dad thought he was just something, that buckskin horse—so pretty an' such a nice horse, so when Christmas Day come, I gave him to my dad for Christmas, an' that was his favorite horse up until the time he passed away. An' it seemed like that horse knew that my dad was crippled, an' that horse would stand so still for him to get on him, and seemed like he kinda' half-way took care

o' my dad. My dad loved him so much that he'd turn him in the pasture—I've seen him put his arm around him an' kiss that horse on the cheek! He loved that horse. He always said if anything happened, he wanted me to have that horse back.

So when Daddy passed away—later on when we left the ranch, sold out there, we turned him loose with the other horses on the range, an' give him his freedom. Just let him go with the mustang band an' be happy. So that was the third poem I wrote.

After you wrote those first three early poems, what were some of the ideas you used later to put into your poetry?

Well, it seemed like after I wrote three poems, I had the greatest desire then to write more; because people loved the ones that I had written an' they kept encouraging me, an' the family did, to write more. So when anythin' interestin' would happen, or somethin' would happen to some of the cowboys, I'd go back in life and think over the things I'd seen them do, an' I'd write a poem about it.

So after I moved down here in Fallon, the granddaughter, she was goin' to high school right across the street here from where we live. They'd come over her an' Alice Bass—a girl that was going to high school with her, an' they'd read the new poem that I had written, an' they would encourage me more and more. Emery'd come home from work an' he'd tell me how nice the poem was an' to keep writin' them, an' the daughter would do the same thing, an' a lot of my friends.

So Alice Bass and my granddaughter, Linda McNair Jensen—they'd talk me into to keep writin' poetry an' then as long as I liked to draw pictures, to make a book, an' sell the books! So that gave me a good idea, so I went right on writin' other poems, an' they'd stop

by—maybe they'd come an' have lunch over here from the high school. "Oh, that's a pretty poem. Write another one, Grandma." It just took the kids an' Emery to encourage me to keep doin' those things. An' each poem that I wrote—it'd come easier to me.

So then I wrote one, "Reminiscing." That was a poem about—kinda' Emery an' my life before we moved down here. What our life was like up on the Barley Creek Ranch an' Monitor Valley there, an' ridin' the range and things we did and different things we saw on the range and how sometimes we'd be driving cattle and the cattle—it'd be a wild bunch of cattle an' they'd go so fast down the canyon, the poor little calves, some of 'em so fat an' waddlin' along an' they'd give out an' we'd stop an' pick some of 'em up once in awhile and carry 'em on our saddles. Slow the cows down. An' all those memories I put into poetry—how we lived our life an' all those interestin' things we did. That poem was named "Reminiscing." That's more about Emery an' I an' our life, an' then, in later years, down here, an' how we enjoyed reminiscin' with the grandkids now, about all those things that we did.

An' then I wrote one, "The Indian Pinks Still Wave," an' that was about—oh—years ago the Indian family George Anderson an' Jenny Anderson an' their children that lived on our ranch there at Barley Creek an' went to school with me—I got to thinkin' back one day about this poor old Indian. They loved me just like I was their own child. When my mother an' daddy go somewhere, they watched over me [Chuckles] more than they did their own kids [Chuckles], I guess.

Anyway, there was a boy an' the daughter, an' we took off our shoes, put 'em up on the bank an' went down in the ditch. We was about a quarter of a mile below the ranch. We'd walked down there an' we decided we wanted to wade in the creek. The creek was

low, an' there was some great big fish in there an' we was having more fun splashin' around. We'd catch those great big trout an' then we'd just turn 'em loose, just to see if we could catch 'em, they were so slippery an' wadin' like little kids will do, an' we never noticed that it had clouded up an' it just seemed like there was only one or two big clouds when this thing happened.

Anyway, there was a terrific crash of thunder and a canyon that was called Moombich Canyon, just a little ways from the ranch, an' up on top of the mountain (the canyon came down into Barley Creek on one side an' the other side it went down toward the Haystack Field) this cloudburst hit! It was a hot day out. Just all of a sudden, that cloud just seemed to open up an' poured all that water out, an' I didn't even hear anythin'.

The Indians, they seemed to sense stuff more than I did, if there was danger of any kind. Anyway, this little Indian boy, Dewey, he said, "Listen, I hear biggy water," An' he grabbed me by the hand an' his sister by her hand an' we got up on the bank, an' grabbed our shoes an' he headed us for the hills, up on the hill, an' we got out just in time! This big roaring flood came down, It came clear over the top of the willows, My dad had cut hay, an' it went through the field an' it piled a lot of his hay in the tiptops of the willows.

Well, the family was just about crazy. They couldn't find us three kids an' they knew that we was always playing in the ditch, an' the water had come down so fast! I don't know how many yards wide. It was clear from the hill clear over to the corral, an' it was going through parts of our home, even. It took the chickens an' most all our turkeys down an' drowned them. Washed them way down into the valley.

Anyway, my mother and father, we could hear them hollerin' an' we could tell they were

crying an' this old Indian, George Anderson, he went way up on the hill, he was searchin' to see if he could spot us anywhere, an' pretty soon he spotted us over on kind of a cliff we'd climb up on an' he motioned an' made Indian signs for us to stay there—not to move! He was afraid we'd get scared an' try to come across there, An' it was hours and hours we stayed over there until the flood water went down. An' then he made my father stay back. An' he waded through mud an' water clear up to his waist, clear across through that after the water'd gone down, an' packed us out one at a time. Took us over across't on the other side where the home was. He took us across up in the canyon above the house.

But he wouldn't let my father go in there. He wanted to rescue us. I can remember how he packed me out of there. He took me first an' left his two children! Wasn't that a strange thing? He wanted to take me safe to my parents, but I thought that was a daring thing that he did.

But that's why I wrote the poem. His father was buried up on the hill above the ranch there an' I was a little kid an' I used to think it was great to go up there an' gather wildflowers an' put flowers on his dad's grave. An' I thought it was so strange that this same Indian that I packed the flowers and decorated his father's grave with, almost give his life to save my life—packed me out of there—an' that's why I wrote this poem about him an' where his father was buried an' all that. That's "The Indian Pinks Still Wave" is the name of it. So you can see in my poetry it was things that happened. Real things in my life. Memories that I wanted to put down years later—the things that people had did for me an' how faithful my Indian friends were to me, how they loved me.

Then I was talkin' to some people that I went to school with about Lee Brotherton,

who had passed away in Belmont (he was another dear friend of mine) an' they kinda' asked me if I could write a poem about him an' that's when I wrote "Monitor Roundup." Babe (his sister that lived down here) and I were talking. She was wishin' I could kinda' write something about his life.

So I wrote this poem "Monitor Roundup," and it was in the Tonopah paper before I put my poems all in a book. It was in the Tonopah paper in memory of Lee Brotherton. An' I kinda' told the story of his life, how he lived in Belmont—born and raised there in Belmont, an' about the home, what it looked like. Up in the yard of this old home, and it's still there, there's a beautiful hollyhock grove, in the corner. An' I never saw so many beautiful hollyhocks as there at the Brotherton home in Belmont.

I tried to put it all in the poem. Describe the home where he lived with the hollyhock grove there. How he grew up and spent his life on the range an' how happy he was with his family there on that place in Belmont. How he was a trapper an' how he trapped mountain lions, and I put it all into poetry. An' how he used to get his pack horse an' his saddle horse an' meet us up on Table Mountain when he knew we were camped up there. An' he'd meet us up there an' then he'd ride with us after cattle.

An' oh, all the memories we had of all the different cowboys an' him. An' the good times we had around the campfire an' how we enjoyed it an' how Leed sit there and tell us stories about the lions that he had caught. He had some hounds an' he'd catch lions. Oh, he worked with cattle an' horses an' everythin', but he had that as a hobby, too, an' trappin'. Then I went into tellin' the memories of how all or us shared what we had. How all the people on the range sort of lived for one another.

Then I went into the rest of it where how we all parted with a hearty handshake, an' then we'd leave one another, an' then up until the time when Lee suddenly passed away in Belmont. So I wrote that in memory of him. Instead o' sayin' that he had died, I put that, "that as the daylight broke, he saddled his horse and quietly rode away." I thought that was kind of a nice way to express it, instead of saying he passed away, he just saddled his horse an' quietly rode away. So most of my poems is the story about some of the dear friends that our family, myself an' all the family had.

Seems like all the poems that I have written was either a story about someone else, an' things that I saw happen in my life, an' with my friends. Then a lot of just thoughts that were in my mind. I've written a couple of religious poems, too. This one that I wrote was "Thinking." I wrote that after studying the Bible a lot. I got to thinking about when I'd ride in the mountains, an' sometimes I'd get off o' my horse an' just sit an' rest, an' think of just all the beautiful things that God had created, an' beautiful things in Nevada an' when you set among the pine trees and the cliffs, and see all these beautiful things, it makes you appreciate the things that God created as much as what man built. I think that the things that God created are the greatest. When you see a babbling brook runnin' down through a little canyon or somethin', an' beautiful wildflowers, an' all the pretty trees. It just makes you set an' be thankful that you get to see all those beautiful things. A lot of people don't get to see those things, I don't think, unless they get out in the open where they can see them.

Anyway, I was thinkin' one time when I was setting up in the mountains. I was watchin' the brook goin' by, an' I was thinking—I don't know why the thought come into my

mind from readin' the Bible—how Jesus was baptized in water. That thought come in my head. Then lookin' at the trees made me think how he died on the cross for all of us. These thoughts come to you after you've studied somethin' like that. An' then looking up at the clouds, how he said that he ascended on a cloud into Heaven, an' that he would return that way. Then just lookin' at the cliffs across the Canyon made me think o' the tomb of Jesus where he was buried—that tomb. All those thoughts run through my mind, an' that was why I wrote "Thinking". Kinda' tells the whole story of my thoughts about the Lord, an' so many people have enjoyed this poem.

An' then I wrote another one, "He's Coming", about how Jesus will return to earth, an' the story how, when he comes, there'll be no more sickness, death or sorrow—what a change it'll be, and it has three verses and three choruses to it. I wrote it to the tune of "Old Black Joe", and it has been sung in seven churches in Fallon. It's been sung at three funerals. So I was quite happy about that, to hear it sang in church, to hear other people singin' the hymn I wrote.

And it seemed like everythin' that happened in my life, I wrote somethin' about. After we got to diggin' old bottles for a hobby (this hobby came up of people diggin' up old ancient trash, an' cleanin' it up), an' it's gotten so there's so many bottle diggers, I wrote a couple o' poems then about the bottle hounds, an' one of 'em is "Prospector Bill" is the name of it, an' it's in my Western Poems book. My story is how the old prospector with his burro went out in the mountains an' how he searched for gold, an' how he'd bury his trash—dig holes and bury his trash. An' then how years later, us bottle hounds go out an' dig up his trash [Chuckles]! Get a lot of money for those bottles, an' clean 'em up, an' shine 'em up. An' if he was to return, he'd never of dreamed

that the trash he was buryin' would shine on somebody's shelf some day [Chuckles]- the trash that he buried.

An' I wrote the other one about the bottle hounds. That one made quite a hit with all the bottle hounds around Fallon. Before I ever had this book published in 1965, a lot of these poems people were copyin' 'em down an' reading 'em. This "Bottle Hound" was all about the story of what you go through diggin' bottles with a crowd, an' how dirty you get, an' all this. What a lot o' hard work it is. I told a story about each different bottle that you dug up. An' oh, the fun we had an' everythin'.

Anyway, Doris Drumm here in Fallon (she was one o' the head ones in the bottle club) came up to see me one day an' she read this "Bottle Hound", an' she had a whole bunch of the copies of it made.

An' at the first bottle show they had here in Fallon, they gave each person a copy of my "Bottle Hound" that I wrote. So it really went the rounds. They still put it in the Las Vegas paper. They get permission from me to use it, 'cause it's copyrighted in my book. Even last year the head man, Mr. Boone, down in Las Vegas, an' his wife, asked permission to put it in their book they send out. So they did an' they sent me one of the books. So that's why I wrote them, there was all these different stories I wanted to leave behind me an' the things that happened.

Your poems give such a good, strong feeling of the actual things you see and feel in Nevada, and the scenery that you see and the way people live. There's another one in your book that you have that's called "Springtime in Nevada". What were your thoughts and why did you write that poem?

Well, to me just everything that happens in Nevada is beautiful, I guess, because I love

my state so much. Bein' born and raised in Nevada, I guess, an' never bein' out of Nevada (only on a little vacation once in a while-for a week or so) I've never been out of Nevada. And I noticed all these things in the spring. The things that I love. How the wildflowers bloom every year. How much we enjoy them, an' all the different types of 'em. The Indian pinks come at a certain time in the spring. An' then, oh, different colored little wildflowers of every description, you'll find them all over. An' how the birds return, an' they build their nests in the spring. All these things that maybe a lot of people don't even think about mean' a lot to me, an' I wanted to put it down in my poems.

An' the different things of the sheep men. How they move into a different area, at lambing time in the spring. It's just interestin' to go back an' think of the sheep camps, an' their campfires. An' how they watch over the sheep, an' little baby lambs, an' all that, an' then when it's springtime in Nevada, too, is when roundup time had come for to go after the cattle that had wintered in the desert. An' puttin' it all together is why I wrote "Springtime in Nevada". An' anyone wants to read it they'll kinda' get the whole story of what springtime in Nevada is really like. The cowboys an' their pack horses, an' the camping an' the roundup, all o' that.

You'll find that a lot of my poems will make you laugh [Chuckles], an' a lot of 'em'll make you shed maybe a few tears. Here's another one I wrote about the cowboys. It's called "Lonely Saddles". It seemed like as the years went by, when springtime come, there was always some of the cowboys missin'. Somethin' had happened to some of them. An' I was trying to describe in it, just how we felt. Their saddles were hanging empty, an' how the horses was probably lonely for the riders that had passed on. But still down in

my heart, I felt like these cowboys had gone to that other great range. An' that someday we'd meet them on that range beyond; when we'd cross the great divide, they'd be there.

Your poem "Nevada Blizzard" well depicts the: feeling and the things that happened during a blizzard. Could you tell us a little more about that?

Yeah, I guess it's because I was reminiscin', as long as I had to tell so many things in my book about Nevada, I might as well tell about the blizzards that we had, too. We had some real blizzards I've been out in when we was drivin' herds of cattle many times. So that's why I wrote this "Nevada Blizzard." You take horses; you an' your horse that you're ridin' and drivin' cattle, if you get in a real bad hail storm or a real bad blizzard cold, blindin' blizzard, sometimes you have a hard time makin' your horse face the storm. He won't! He'll turn his rump towards the storm, an' if horses are out in it by theirself an' if you see 'em in the pasture or somewhere, you'll always see 'em with their rumps turned towards whatever way the storm is comin'. They won't face it. So that's why I described that in my poem, "Nevada Blizzard."

I watched these things, like in the rail when the frost come and turned the quaking asps red an' gold an' all beautiful colors. An' then after a few months the storms'd start in the mountains. An' how the snow closed in, how God had made everything so perfect, from one season to the other. First the leaves would all turn red and gold on the quaking asps, an' then here'd come the snow storm an' cover it up all white. Whenever the snow started fallin' in the mountains, if there was any cattle left in the mountains that we had missed, they'd always head down. They'd head down for the lower range when the storms

started, most always. Sometimes they'd get caught in a storm, an' I've seen 'em huddled under bunches of cedar or pine, huddled up, an' maybe little baby calves right in among 'em, like they was just actually trying to keep the little baby calves warm. So that's how I've described it in my poem. Been ridin' along lots of times an' see an old jack rabbit run out in a bad snow storm, all covered with snow and shake his big floppy ears [Chuckles], [to get the snow off 'em.]

Another thing, when the bad storms start coming, you'll hear the ducks an' the geese—the geese honkin' overhead headin' for a different part of the country, an' the ducks the same way.

But I think sometimes we used to get so discouraged. We'd want to go out ridin' and have to set cooped up in the house an' look out the window at a blindin' blizzard, an' wonder whether it was ever gonna' end so we could get out on our horses and get back to our work after the cattle. But when you read my poem "Nevada Blizzard" that was why I wrote it. Things that I had experienced myself, and saw others.

There's one poem in my book that I didn't write. My daughter, Wanda McNair, wrote. It's really a cute poem; name of it's "The Desert Whirlwind". While I was writin' my book, she tried her hand at writin' a poem and it really turned out cute! She gave it to me to put in my book with mine an' I put her name on it. Had it in my story how she had written this, "The Desert Whirlwind", about the whirlwinds in the valley, an' she described it so cute. How a old whirlwind picked the leaves up and made a loop around her head. I can't hardly describe it, but it's really cute—how it frightened a cottontail rabbit as he was eatin' on a yellow bush, and he wondered for a minute whatever give him that awful push. I think the way she worded

it, she really described a whirlwind. How it finally blows itself out, I guess, an' turns into a desert windstorm somewhere. But I think it's real cute, "The Desert Whirlwind" that she wrote. I was proud to put it in my book with mine. I drew pictures to fit it.

That's another thing I haven't mentioned. Will James taught me to draw a little bit when I was a kid, when I was about twelve and a half years old, an' after that I always drew pictures quite a lot. So I decided that each poem that I wrote, I would draw two pen an' ink pictures to match somethin' that I talked about in each poem so my book is illustrated with all the pen an' ink drawin's that I drew myself. Each one has somethin', maybe pictures like was in my album, real pictures of Emerson and I. I sat down and drew 'em in pen an' ink.

The shortest poem I wrote in my book is named "Flowers" and it's just a little short poem about how the roses have faded, we know that they'll return when spring comes again, and when the robin flies homeward, why we'll know that spring's here again an' the flowers will start bloomin', so dry away your tear drops, that they'll all come again. Just a little short poem. It isn't too much.

An' I wrote a poem "Pinkey, the Mustang". That was one of my favorite horses, my dad got for me. They called him a pink savina. Anyway, one time when I rode out into the head of the Monitor Valley, in what we call Big White Sage Flat, I saw this little baby colt. It was only a few hours old, I guess. Belonged to an old pinto mustang mare. From the time I saw that little colt (he didn't look much bigger than a jack rabbit) in my heart I wanted him when he grew up [Chuckles throughout]. He looked so cute! Real white race curved way out over his eyes and two white hind legs, an' his front legs was kinda' gold color. He was the prettiest little thing I ever saw! Sure enough, as he grew up, he followed the band. I didn't

get to see him very close from then on, from the time he was born, but I wanted that little colt.

An' a cowboy by the name of Charlie Dolan we tried to run these mustangs down and catch him, but we couldn't. He out-run us. This fellow by the name of Charlie Dolan, one day he went out in the valley an' he got close enough to the mustangs, an' he roped him. An' he brought him into the ranch an' put him in what we called the big round corral, an' it was a big high fence, too. He was so proud because he caught Pinkey, and I wasn't very happy, 'cause I wanted Pinkey [Chuckles]. An' I thought "Well, maybe he'll trade him to me anyway, if he gets him." So he roped Pinkey and put a loop around his nose, an' he had a brand new—not a rawhide rope, but a grass rope. He put this loop around Pinkey's nose an' was going to halter break him right there, an' Pinkey reared up, got him right on top of the head an' knocked his hat off, an' jumped the fence an' got away with his new rope! It was in the evenin', and we couldn't go back after him, 'cause it got dark. An' Pinkey got away and he was gone two or three weeks with Charlie Dolan's rope on him. An' the loop didn't come off of the little horse's nose and the rope imbedded just below Pinkey's eyes—just made a terrible scar on his face. Anyway, he roped him again an' brought him in an' this time he tied him up to a big post an' Pinkey didn't get away [Chuckles]. He saddled him up an' he was gonna' break him to ride, an' I can't remember whether he took him away from the place an' then come back with him, an' he had him partly broke—I was determined that I was gonna' trade him horses or buy that horse some way from him! So I offered him two or three mares an' he wouldn't trade me. Finally, I offered him my silver-mounted bit, and my dad says, "An' I'll give you my Justin boots, to boot", he said. An' he traded! My dad

took off his new Justin boots, an' gave 'em for this horse, an' I gave him my silver-mounted bit, an' I got Pinkey! An' I never regretted it, 'cause I got another silver-mounted bit afterward, an' 'cause I had Pinkey. An' I owned him for twenty-three years before he died. He was the most faithful, the best cow horse that I ever had.

He was so quick. One time I was runnin' cattle on him, and I reached down—he jumped the sagebrush an' I grabbed for the saddle horn, an' instead o' gettin' the horn I got a handful of dirt and landed in the sagebrush [Chuckles throughout]! He was awful fast, this little horse.

There was a cowboy came over from Smokey Valley, Travis Darrow, an' wed come in from ridin' (they were doin' the fall riding at Barley Creek). I'd just unsaddled Pinkey. We came in out of the mountains and I put my saddle against the corral fence, and Travis come runnin' over and says, "Can I grab your horse just a minute? The steers got out of the pasture over there. They got the fence down—the gate down. I got to head 'em off an' get 'em back in the pasture." He didn't stop to put a saddle on Pinkey. He just jumped on him bareback. The steers all started runnin' over the bench, and Travis thought, "Well, a girl's horse, he's real gentle." He didn't think about him bein' such a good cow horse, because a girl owned him. So when he was runnin' these steers, when the steers turned, Pinkey turned and come back [Chuckles] so fast with the steers, that he was used to turnin' with the cows, an' Travis kept on agoin' in front o' all the cowboys. He give him the worst spill you ever saw [Chuckles throughout]. Afterwards, he was telling us that night at supper time, he says, "You know, that little horse turned so fast, I felt my heel touch the ground, and," he says, "then I went sailing off over his head [Chuckles throughout]. But he just didn't

think, you know, that he couldn't stay on him. But Pinkey was really a fast little horse—a good cow horse. We used to tease Travis. Even after I wrote this book, Travis Darrow was readin' it up at Smokey Valley and he said, "That was me an' little Pinkey, [Laughing] that she, was talkin' about." But I really loved that little horse, an' still down deep in my heart he was my favorite horse I ever owned, I guess. Had him twenty-three years. He just died of old age.

You've told us before about your encounter with Will James and his living with your family for a couple of weeks. What prompted you to write the poem "The Drifting Stranger"?

Well, I always remember that cowboy. He stayed with us for two weeks, an' we had never seen him before. But he had worked down around Stone Cabin Valley, an' worked for different people down there. An' he was headed north. All he had was his pack horse an' his saddle horse he was ridin', and he came through Barley Creek one evenin'. An' we didn't know him. We invited him to stay overnight with us, an' he wound up staying two weeks with us. We told him if he wanted to stay a couple of weeks, we could use a hired hand. If he just wanted to stay with us an' rest up his horses. So he did.

It was great for someone like a kid like me. I was only twelve and a half years old. But every night, he'd get pencils an' paper, and he'd draw pictures for us. He had the pictures all over the place for us. An' I still have four or five of these pictures, an' still have one of his letters that he wrote to me after he left Barley Creek when I was just a kid where he was teachin' me to draw. [See Appendix A]. After he left the place, he still promised that (he wanted me to draw pictures) he would correct 'em an' send 'em back to me. Then he

would draw pictures on his letters and maybe I'd copy them, send 'em back to him an' then he'd correct 'em. But anyway, he stayed with us for two weeks. An' we give him a change of clothes, an' he helped my father butcher a bunch o' hogs that we had to butcher. We were gonna' make salt pork an' stuff like that. An' then he'd help my dad take over helpin' feedin' the cattle and everything. We was just like a new family to him. He fell in love with the whole bunch of us, I guess. We did him, too.

He drew a picture that's up here in the museum in Fallon, of a bunch o' cowboys on buckin' horses. The horses are buckin' right through where the chuck wagon is, an' they got the coffee all kicked all over and the pot o' beans, and the old cook was standin' up on top o' the wagon with a butcher knife in his hand athreatenin' to cut their heads off, I guess [Laughs throughout]. Messed up his supper he was cookin'. Some of the cowboys in it are fallin' over backwards with their dishes, and all beans an' coffee scattered all over in the sagebrush.

Anyway, I decided I'd write a poem in memory of Will James for what he did for me. He tried to help me when I was a kid, to teach me to draw. An' that's why I went on drawing these pictures, an' that's why I've illustrated my book with my own drawings. An' the only lessons I had was what he taught me when I was a kid. An' I thought the least I could do for him was write a poem in memory of him. How he stayed with us an' how we enjoyed him being with us at Barley Creek. I still have his pictures he drew, an' letters he wrote to me, An' although he's dead now, you can just go over to the library [Churchill County] and just see the beautiful work he's left behind him. The pleasures it's been to the grownups an' the children to read all the books that he has written, an' see all the pictures that he's

left behind him. The memory he's left behind him. The good that he did in this world. So I was glad that I could do one thing an' write a pretty poem in memory of him. That's "The Drifting Stranger."

I guess one of his greatest books was Smokey. They made a moving picture out of that; An' the first time it was shown' here in Fallon- down at the Fallon Theater here, they showed Smokey, and they found out that I had pictures that Will James drew in 1918. They came out to the ranch in Sheckler District an' borrowed the pictures from me an' put up on the billboard to advertise Will James' picture, Smokey. I thought that was really somethin'!

Anthony Amaral wrote a story about Will James' life. It's Will James, The Gilt Edged Cowboy. He found out that I personally knew Will James when I was just a kid in 1918, so he made several trips over here from Carson City—Dayton where he was livin' to ask me things about Will James. An' I told him what I knew about him. Sent him to quite a few other people that knew Will James. In fact, there wasn't too many people alive in Tonopah an' around the valleys up there that knew Will James. Most of the people were dead that had known him. So he wrote this story, an' on page eighteen in Anthony Amaral's book, there's a short little story about when Will James stayed at our place. An' how he drew his pictures for us, an' how he helped my father butcher the pigs. An' how he helped feed the cattle, an' how he promised to teach me by mail to draw. I was only twelve and a half years old. An' he did the things that he promised.

My dad told him, "Will James!," he said, "you're just loco," he said, "to be punching cows for thirty or forty dollars a month, when you could be packin' in such good wages for drawin' pictures and writin' stories for magazines, and makin' some money."—And in later years, not too many years after that,

we got a letter from him. An' he had torn the pages out of a Sunset magazine, an' sent us his first story an' pictures to us to show that he had taken my dad's advice. He said, "Here's some of my first pictures." From then on, he sent quite a few pictures to us as he started in his work. He was so happy about it. He said he took my dad's advice [Chuckles]. I guess he made good for a good many years. I don't really know how many books that he wrote. He wrote a lot o' short stories in magazines, too. But the first magazine that he wrote for was Sunset magazine. So I told Anthony Amaral about that. I said, "The first pictures that he drew an' story was in the Sunset magazine." An' he went an' checked way back, an' he found just what I told him was true. He found it—that Sunset magazine. He was quite happy about that.

As Leafy King has mentioned, she has several of his drawings herself and then the one that is also at the Churchill County Museum. It is very interesting how well he can portray the western scenes and how much they seem to come alive when you look at them. He was a very talented person and was able to well depict the scenes of western life and he left an awful lot of good memories and things for people to look at about our western heritage. Also, I have read and seen the letter that he wrote to Leafy King, and it was just very interesting. He had drawn at the top of the letter and also again at the end of the letter, and was talking to her about where he had been and what he had been doing, and to encourage her, also, to go on with her drawing. I believe it was written in 1918.

Goin' back in my book, the first Western Poems book. I wrote in the introduction quite a little story of my family and our life. An' how I was raised a cowgirl, an' what little schoolin' I had. What life on the range was like. Oh, just

a short story to start the book which everyone kinda' likes that's read it (liked the little stories that I've written, too, besides the poems).

The first poem I wrote in the book was a little short one, that's called "Nevada Memories." I've always felt so good about this little poem. Over in Bev Trigueiro's second grade class in Northside here in Fallon, ever since 1965 when my book came out, that little school teacher has taught this poem, "Nevada Memories," to the children. They've each made a copy of it every year since I wrote my book. I guess I might as well, it's a little short one, just read this, my thoughts about Nevada.

Thoughts built from a life-time in Nevada: Out where Nature's beauty reigns so fair. I will try to tell you with six letters; Memories from our State I love to share.

N—means when its Night time in Nevada.

E—for Evening Stars God made so bright.

V—stands for her Valleys clothed with sagebrush,

A—for All Her Sunsets brilliant light.

D—speaks of her Desert Flowers in Springtime,

A—for Ancient Mountains capped with snow.

Line these letters up, they spell Nevada, Blest be her Name, the greatest State I know.

An' I am so happy to think that jus' one little short poem started my book. The first poem in it that the little children learn that poem by heart. Each one in the second grade in Bev Trigerio's class, each year. An' the last time I talked to her, an' this is 1979, they're still using that one little poem. She always

has the children make a little book, somethin' of Nevada. An' they have this little poem, an' they memorize it, an' have it in this little Nevada book. I hope they'll continue to do that. Glad that the children are gettin' some good out o' some of these poems, that I have written. I wrote that in 1964.

This book that I've been describing, these poems are out of my first book I write in 1965, the first Western Poems book.* Each of my books I've written have got forty pages. An' they start out with a western story of life on the range an' our life. How we lived it on the range. My first book's introduction was a short story, a shorter story. An' so many people found out that I was going to write a Western Poems No. 2,* they asked me to write a little longer story in it. They enjoyed the short one that I wrote in my first book. My first book had eighteen western poems an' thirty-three pen an' ink drawings that I drew to illustrate my book.

You have also written a second Western Poems book. Could you tell us about that, and when you wrote that?

Well, I wrote it in 1967. It was published in 1967. It's the same size as the other book. It's a forty page book, the same as the other one. It has a longer story. It has an eight page story of life on the range, and different things that happened to myself and people, cattle people that I knew and, oh, different things that happened on the range, and it also had fourteen new poems. It has two photographs of myself on my horses, which wasn't in the other one, an' twenty-four more pen and ink pictures that I drew to match the poems. The first poem I wrote in it is "After the Rain."

* See Appendix C.

That's a poem about me an' my horse, Pinkey, and where we rode the ranges. An' how it was to get out an' get caught in a rain storm. An' sometimes, how your horse'll act up on you, an' want to crowhop, an' buck with you. Especially when there's thunder an' lightenin'. An' that's what Pinkey used to do. An' then as soon as the storm was over, he'd settle down an' be real nice again! An' then I went on in this poem to describe some of my experiences with Pinkey, an' how much joy I got out of havin' such a cow horse as he was. An' then at the end of it, how I felt when I had to lose him. When I was havin' so much fun with him, when he was a little young cow horse, it didn't dawn on me that some day he was gonna' get old an' I'd have to part with him. So the poem ended kinda' sad where I had to lose him after twenty-three years—how you feel there. They grow pretty close to you.

The second poem in the Western Poems No. 2 book, was named "Coonie." This is about an Indian boy that was raised on the range in Nevada. My grandmother Clifford had eleven children of her own. An' this was a little orphaned Indian boy, an' she adopted him an' raised him, an' gave him their name. His name was Coonie Clifford. He was a great cowboy. I remember when I was just a little kid, four or five years old, he was the jolliest cowboy. An' he stayed with us a lot, with my mom and dad an' that's when we lived at Salsbury Wash. When he'd come in from work, he'd sit down on a chair- I can remember he always crossed his knees an' put me on his foot, an' start bouncin' me around like they do kids, you know, an' teachin' 'em to ride [Chuckles]. He was always tellin' me that some day I would be a cowgirl an' ride the range too. An' how he was gonna' help my dad catch me a savina horse with white legs, an' pintos, an' all this kinda' stuff. An' how I was gonna' own my own mustangs someday.

An' do you know, the things that he told me, when I grew up, those things came true? I owned the horses, kinda that he described. It seemed strange. Now Pinkey was a savina with white legs, white face, an' sort of a pinto. An' all these things he told me, an' how I did grow up an' rode the range. An' rode with him when he was an old cowboy. He later got killed in Tonopah out on a street in Tonopah in a car accident not many years ago. He was still doin' his cowboy work and workin'. I think he was working for Angel Stark at the time that he got in this accident an' got killed.

But—I remember one time things that happened to him at Barley Creek, an' this is all in this poem. In the spring we was brandin' cattle, and there was this one big steer still nursin' the mother. An' we had to put a blab on it. Coonie roped it in the corral. An' somehow it got away with his rope, an' he jumped off his horse an' bulldogged it down. An' as he threw it, its' horn hit the ground, an' hit him, an' broke his big toe! How bad I felt that Coonie got hurt [Chuckles]. Dad had to take him to Tonopah, an' take him to the doctor with a broken toe. It's all in this poem here. An' how he got bucked off of his horse. His saddle turned, an' he lit in some cactus. My mother had to pull the cactus thorns out of him [Chuckles]. That's what the poem's all about—these different things that happened to Coonie. I wrote that in memory of Coonie, an' the things that happened to him.

An' then the next poem that I wrote was "The Dappled Grey Mustang". This is about a horse that I had, another mustang, an' called him Snap, and he was dappled grey. Oh, he was a pretty little fellow. He was so fast that when you rode him you really knew you was on a fast little cow horse. An' this poem that I wrote was a true poem, too. How this bunch o' Hereford cattle broke the cross fence down

one night, an' all got out, an' went down the flat.

An' I went after 'em by myself, an' I was ridin' this silver mustang. I got down below the ranch an' I found 'em in the high sagebrush an' they all took off. They was a wild, ornery bunch o' Herefords. An' I was chasin' 'em an' the little calves scattered ever' which way. As I was goin' through the high sagebrush, a rattlesnake buzzed right under the horse's feet, and he darted out so fast! He was so fast anyway—I went away down on one side an' lost one stirrup. An' I hung on to everythin' on him, I guess [Chuckles]. How I ever got back in the saddle, I don't know. I guess it was because I was so frightened of the rattlesnake that he almost threw me off onto. I lost my hat practically right where the snake was [Chuckles]! I had never been any trick rider or somethin', but I really must've done some trick ridin' to get back on that horse, 'cause I was way down on the side of him. Anyway, after I got back in the saddle and stopped him, an' we settled down a few minutes, (we was both so spooky. when we went back to get my hat) the old rattlesnake got away from me an' went down in a gopher hole—it got away!

But the horse an' I was both so spooky. An' I thought of it after I got the cattle turned an' headed for home as I drove 'em in to the ranch an' put 'em in the pasture. I took off Snap's bridle and give him a drink at the ditch. An' as I was settin' there watchin' him drink and thinkin' how peaceful it was and, oh, all of that ride, an' the thing that happened to me, an' almost gettin' bit with a rattlesnake an' slide off on it an' everythin' [Chuckles]. How it all kinda' vanished from my mind when I saw him drinkin' water there an' then I put him in the barn an' he nickered to me as I fed him some hay. All those things that I got so scared of sometimes when I was alone, things that happened to me, they kinda' all fled away, just

like it was a nightmare or something. That's why I wrote these poems. Most of 'em are things that really happened to me or someone else.

Then the next one's "If That Old Wagon Wheel Could Talk." Here in Fallon, I was at my daughter's ranch, an' my son-in-law's, the McNair Ranch out on Schindler Road. I was out there one evening. Had supper with 'em, and after supper I went out walkin' by myself by the other side of the house, there. An' I was lookin' at the cactus garden, an' the rocks—old Indian rocks, an' everythin' that shed fixed so neat there. An' up in the middle of 'em, she had a big, old wagon wheel settin' there in some sagebrush. I heard this roar overhead an' it was two or three jets. They was really travelin'! It was just at sunset, an' as they went into the sunset, I was watchin' them, and the colored trails that they leave behind them. An' I was thinkin', "Oh, how fast those jets are." Then all of a sudden my mind switched back, an' I started lookin' at that old wagon wheel, an' thinkin', in the early days, how slow the travelin' was, to what these jets were goin'. An' I got to thinkin', "That old wagon wheel, just one of 'em. I wonder where the other three are? Are they destroyed and gone, or has someone else put them in a rock garden? Where are they?" I was wonderin' if that ol' wagon wheel could jus' talk, what a story we might learn! Who the pioneers were that traveled in that wagon that had that wheel on it. An' what happened to the other three wheels that helped it roll on. An' if it could only tell the story, it's hard tellin' what we'd learn. Where it come from. So that's what that poem's about.

Then the next one is "Sunrise in Nevada". I was thinkin' how many times in my life, an' even out at the range, how I watched the sun rise. When the sun come up, how beautiful it was. An' I'd think, oh, how God had made

things so beautiful! Pretty lakes in the valley, an' then lakes up on top o' the mountains. An' all the wild flowers, how He scattered them here and there, an' all the different colors an' everythin'. I don't know if you know it, Carol, but wildflowers never cross like other flowers. They stay true to their colors, an' they're the same flowers all the time. The Indian Pinks and all those. Isn't that strange? They're true to their colors, an' the way God made them. That's what I have been told, an' I noticed it in all my travels lookin' at wildflowers.. They always came up the same. Lots o' other flowers, you'll see them cross on their colors, an' they mix. I think wildflowers always stay the same. And another thing I got to thinkin' of when I was studying the flowers; there was patches of them that we'd come to. Ther'd be Indian pinks, an' then lupine an' then little white wildflowers—lilies. An' ther'd be patches of 'em that was actually just red, white an' blue. An' to me it made me think they were true to their colors and how they reminded me of the flag of our country, Old Glory! I thought to myself, "Maybe all us people, if we was as true to our land as those flowers, maybe we would be better off. They had an answer to a lot o' things, to my notion. They were true to their country—true to their colors—red, white an' blue." Maybe some o' my stories are strange, but it was things that I thought of when I saw these beautiful things on the range.

An', the next poem was "Roamer." That's the name of a big, bay horse. Real good cow horse, and he was kinda' Emery's favorite. Whenever he rode, he thought there was no horse like Roamer. He was a beautiful cow horse. An' he was so fast to get after cattle, only you had to watch what you was doin' when he turned with the cows. You'd go the other way if you wasn't watchin' close.

But him an' Emery—one thing I think made Emery love him more than ever—

Emery got in some trouble with a wild range bull up in Cottonwood Canyon. This mean bull went down in some willows, went out of sight. An' Emery got off o' Roamer. It was a pretty rough place, where there was only one or two ways for the bull to come back out o' those thick willows an' rocks [Chuckles]. He got off of his horse, and threw this rock down in the willows to scare the bull out. An' the bull come out of there like a great big old [Chuckles] bear or somethin' after him, asnortin' an' ablowin' slobbers [Laughs]. Emery grabbed the horse, an' stayed on the other side of him, An' the bull, it had been dehorned, but it took one big bunt at him! An' the horse stood between him and the bull, he didn't try to get away. It just acted like it stood between him an' the bull, 'til it went on down the canyon. He got back on his horse [Chuckles], an' he said his knees were just shakin'! An' he always figured that Roamer stood between him and the mean red bull. I thought that was why he liked Roamer the best, after gettin' in that mess with him. I can see why! An' that was a true poem.

Then the next one is "Lahontan Valley". This is quite a long poem' that I tried to describe Lahontan Valley, where we live, an' what it stands for. All the things that's raised here. All the good things about Lahontan Valley, and all the little pesty things that we have, too, such as mosquitoes an' sand burrs and things. But still, it's a beautiful place to live. An' then about the different game that are right here in Fallon: the pheasants, an' the quail, an' the ducks an' the geese an' the cottontails. An' how the deer even, come down here quite a lot out of the mountains, to roam around in the corn fields an' wheat fields. Then the chukkars, an' they kinda' go out farther into the hills. They seem to choose the higher ground; also the sage chickens. An' I kinda' told a little story about the coyote, an'

how he lives. He's got a few good traits as well as bad habits. How this is the home of good ranchers and cowhands and, oh, different kinda' cowboys. How some of 'em choose the well-bred horses, and some like the mustangs of old. Each have their favorite horses, such as me. I chose the mustangs all the time.

An' then how the tourists, when they travel through Lahontan Valley, they love the friendly people here in the valley, an' they praise our city o' Fallon. I think the good Lord blessed Fallon an' all its waters with fish—so many kinds. An' the waters here from the Lahontan Dam to the Stillwater sinks, you can catch different kinds of fish of all kinds. Then we have our wonderful air base here. And, oh, I told how in this poem, I hoped that the youth of our land would still flourish and grow—continue to build their share of Fallon.

The next poem is "My Blue Willow Plate." Where did you get the idea to write that and what was that one about?

Well, I've got a set of Blue Willow dishes. I've had 'em for years. They'd been given to Emery and I by John Gaines and his wife one time for Christmas here in Fallon. An' I never did even think of what the design on 'em mean, or that there was a story behind it. I used to watch "Time with Diane," a T.V. program in Reno. An' she had this program, and she invited guests all the time to get up there an' describe some certain thing. An' this certain day I was setting there watching and this lady by the name of Clara Ferris, that owns the Red Antique Shop in Reno, she got on there and she was to tell the story about the Blue Willow plate. An' that really interested me.

So I went an' got a tablet an' a pencil so I could write down different things, 'cause I had Blue Willow dishes. An' I thought, "Well, if there's a story, I wan' to know what it is." So

that's where I got my idea to write this poem about the Blue Willow plate.

I listened to her, and she was an old cowgirl, too. She got up and held this Blue Willow plate up an' told the story about it. An' it was such a sad story. How this girl had a boyfriend, and he wasn't rich or anything, an' she was going to marry him. An' it seemed like her father wanted her to marry a rich man, and he wouldn't let her marry this man. He broke them up and he wanted her to marry this real rich fellow.

An' her an' her sweetheart got together and plotted on the day that she was supposed to marry him, on the day that this peach tree was in blossom. Her father had built this fence around this palace that kept her away from him, so her sweetheart that she loved, poor guy, couldn't get her out of there. But the day she was to marry the rich fellow that she didn't love, just to please her father. Her sweetheart, they dropped notes in coconut shells an' floated them under the bridge some way. She told him where to meet her.

They escaped through this tree filled with blossoms an' they ran away an' got married. An' they lived on a beautiful island. Really, I should of put Teacup Island (I think was really the name of it, only I just put "beautiful island"), where they was so happy there. An' this rich man she was supposed to marry (they were living on this island so happy, her and her real sweetheart that she loved so much), an' this rich one found out where they were. He went there an' caused a lot o' trouble, and he killed her husband. An' somehow the whole place caught on fire an' she burned to death, too. An' she went to heaven. The way I put it in my story that when the smoke went up there her love drifted with it, an' then they were angels in heaven together.

I'm not tellin' this story very good. They'd have to read my poem and it explains it right.

It says that they now have a bright mansion in heaven. She's home with the lad that she loves. I can picture them flying as angels as I gaze at the blue flying doves the blue flying doves on the Blue Willow plate. So that's where I got my idea. It's really a pretty poem. I shouldn't try to describe it as much as I did. Just let people read it.

Anyway, this lady found out (Clara Ferris did); someone told her about me writing this poem. How pretty it was of the Blue Willow plate, and it was about her. So she was sure interested in the Western Poems book when it come out. She sold my books up there in Reno in her antique store. She came down here to see us in Fallon, an' we used to go up there and visit her, and Diane Remas, too—the girl that put on the show.

Then the next poem is "Secrets from the Sanddunes." It's kind of a story of how Emery and I and my daughter, Wanda, and Virginia Weishaupt used to go arrowhead hunting so much down Stillwater together, an' all the fun we had. Our trips with the jeeps and the crooked roads that we went over that'd break a bull snake's back to make the turns on [Chuckles], but we still went in the old jeeps. How hard we worked to get arrowheads, an' how Emery tried to keep track of us in the valley. We was scattered out like a bunch o' sheep, an' he spent all his time tryin' to keep up with us three gals [Chuckles]. The funny part of it one time—how we got stuck in a ditch an' we shoveled an' shoveled an' finally found out we hadn't put it in four-wheel drive [Laughs]. An' I told in this poem, too, how we took our lunches an' there'd be all dust all over in there from the alkali dust down on the flat traveling an' we figured sometimes it was just a waste o' time to stop and eat lunch [Chuckles]. We was so excited over huntin' arrowheads an' havin' the fun that we did. It's quite a cute little poem, too, of our experiences with the

jeeps an' our travels an' things we did. Virginia Weishaupt, she was really a arrowhead hunter, an' she's the one that got us to really hunt them down there.

And the next one's "A Rainbow's End." Seemed like everytime, all the time when I was a kid, I was always interested in the rainbow. My dad used to tease me. We'd go out in the valley after cattle and after a storm there'd be a rainbow. I'd always have to gallop over on the ridge to see if I could get closer to it, to look at it [Chuckles]. Everytime I'd get on a ridge, an' lope my horse over there it'd be farther away, it seemed like. I never did get to see the end of that rainbow, but I used to have a lot o' fun chasin' rainbows. An' I kept thinkin', "Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to see the end of a rainbow, just how beautiful it is."

So after we moved down here to Fallon, we went up to Reno early one morning, an' it had been rainin', an' there was several cars right behind us on the highway. An' when we got up to the 102 Ranch (you know where that is?), just as we come around a turn, there was the end of the rainbow! Everybody stopped an' got out of the car, an' it came right down on the highway. An' then we looked over the mountains. An' the car was lit up with colors just like a diamond ring makes, you know, every color. And the sagebrush glistened like that, an' the cottonwood trees, all was lit up. Everybody stopped their cars (not only us, but, I don't know how many others), an' we all stood there together looking at that beautiful sight.

So I felt like with all my wishes when I was a kid, I was an old grandmother an' finally we drove right into the end of a rainbow! I told in this poem how this all happened. They always said there was a pot o' gold at the end of the rainbow, but it couldn't buy half of the pleasures of standin' right at the end of a

rainbow! I guess many people have had this same experience. But it just kinda' startled everybody the car was even lit up from its colors! It came exactly down on the highway, an' then spread over onto the hills through the sagebrush. I think it was the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. I wouldn't have missed it for anything [Chuckles]. So that's what that's called, "Rainbow's End."

Then the next one is "The Bareback Rider." This is a story I heard my dad tell about an old-time cowboy. Seemed like he didn't have anything, only his mustang cow horse, an' a good saddle an' bridle. But every once in awhile he'd get restless an' he'd have to ride to town. I think it was Belmont that this happened in, that my dad was telling about. Anyway, he got his wages an' went to town. An' he thought, "Oh, this gambling was great." He was gonna' win a lot of money. So he dumped his whole check. An' he was playing twenty-one, but his cards didn't come out right for him. He lost all his money an' besides his check, he had lost his saddle to boot. So he lost everything.

An' he went out an' got on his horse—he had to ride it ten miles bareback to get back to the bunk house an' everybody kidded him and kidded him about it. It wasn't very funny to the poor old cowboy, but it sure broke him. He didn't do any more gamblin'. Some of the cowboys loaned him a rig, 'cause he'd lost everything in gamblin' [Chuckles throughout]. So it kinda' taught him a lesson—you couldn't always win at gamblin'.

The next one is "Riding On." This is about an Indian cowboy I knew. He used to work up in Monitor Valley quite a lot. His name was George Adams. When I was a little kid he was always teachin' me to rope. One day, the horse started to buckin' with me and I grabbed onto the horn, an' he hit me over the ringers with his romal—laughing a little bit—made me

let go to see if I could ride without hanging onto the horn. He was always doing that one. Anyway, I used to sit on the corral fence an' watch him ride broncos, you know. Him and my dad, an' different ones of the cowboys.

Anyway, after we moved down here to Fallon, he was down here. An' most of his family lived right here in Fallon, too. Amy Williams was his daughter and, oh, I don't know how many relatives he had here in Fallon. But he was a hundred and two years old, I think, when he died. An' he died on Thanksgiving Day. His daughters told me that he made them promise that when he died that they would have someone sing the hymn that Leafy, his little old cowgirl friend, wrote, "He's Coming." And they did! Irma Sorensen sang it at his funeral the hymn that I wrote. An' then they sang "Empty Saddles." I think I was setting there when his funeral was going on, an' I could just go back an' picture how, when I was a kid, how I'd set on the corral fence and watch him ride broncos with the rest of 'em. Just kinda' dreamin' back to the times when I was a kid—all those years I'd known him.

Then when we went out to the cemetery here at Rattlesnake Hill, where he was buried, there was an Indian, an' the Indian and an Indian girl sang an' played a guitar at the gravesite there, an' how pretty that was. An' as we was layin' him to rest, it started to rain a soft rain. I kinda' described the whole thing in this poem. How he's sleeping now near the green fields of Fallon. An' it was his daughter that came an' asked me if I would write a poem in memory of her father, George Adams. An' it made the whole family so happy 'cause I wrote this poem in memory of him, an' how he, when he was a young fellow, was a champion at Madison Square Garden in 1918. He held the title for two years. A champion cowboy two or three different times. So I was glad that

I wrote this in memory of George Adams. He was a wonderful old cowboy.

An' his grandsons and great-grandsons still ride in the rodeos. A couple of 'em are champions right here in Fallon. That would have sure made him happy. I think two of 'em, I think, won the saddle that they give away at the rodeo that's for champion, all-around cowboys (Pat Tafoya and the Rodarte boy). That's since he's been gone.

Anyway, they asked me if they could put this poem in the Indian book—this annual all-Indian Stampede in 1973, so long as they got permission from me. An' they put my poem in the book that went all over the United States an' Canada an' every place, and that I wrote it in memory of him. An' then they put the story about him in.

So I thought that was pretty nice. They come and asked me, an' I give 'em permission to print it. All his family's names are in here. You know some of them, don't you?

There were a couple I thought I recognized.

Do you know Paul and Rose Rodarte? Wayne and Pauline Weaver?

I think Arlene Wilson's the one I know.

Yeah, they're related. An' he was related to about half of the Indians here in Fallon. So it kinda' thrilled 'em all that somebody'd think enough of him to write tint poem.

An' the next poem is "Songs on the Prairie". This is just a song I kinda' wrote. It isn't really about anyone—just an idea that I got in my head about a cowboy an' how lonely he was on the range. An' how he'd like to find him a girl to marry, and ride the range with him, and learn the songs of the prairie. An' how some day his family, an' all their little ones would be singing the songs

on the prairie. An' they would live forever—the "Songs on the Prairie." It's just kind of a thought more than anything.

And the next one is "Songs Shall Never Die." In my lifetime I loved western songs. I guess I knew about a hundred songs by heart. I decided I would try to write a poem that maybe'd be made into a song. So I tried to use all the titles to so many songs that I loved songs of the range. An' at the same time make it tell a story, an' then have to make it rhyme together. The man that published my book, he said it was the cleverest poem of all of them, an' he don't know how I ever put it all together to make it fit an' make such a pretty story as I did. I don't know how I can explain this poem unless I just read the whole thing. Then they'll understand what I mean, or what I put together.

Songs Shall Never Die

I WANT TO BE A COWBOY'S
SWEETHEART,

That song was my favorite you see,
I've been QUEEN OF THE HOUSE
many year now,
And we sing that sweet song YOU
AND ME.

When we sing NIGHT TIME IN
NEVADA,
It brings back the old CATTLE CALL.
The TUMBLING WEEDS, will be
tumbling,
WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE
THIS FALL.

When they sing THAT SILVER
HAIR DADDY,
SOME HOW the teardrops just start.
HOME ON THE RANGE and its
MEMORIES,

Of my MOTHER THE QUEEN OF
MY HEART.

I can picture a RAINBOW AT
MIDNIGHT,
And BLUE EYES sailing over the sea.
BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL BROWN
EYES,
Makes me think of THE LITTLE
MOHEE.

(Chorus) Tune up the guitars and
keep playing,
No sweet song shall e'er fade or die.
You'll sing at THE LAST GREAT
ROUNDUP,
Where we'll ride IN THE SWEET BY
AND BY.

Have you heard THE FREIGHT
WRECK AT ALTOONA,
With her whistle a blowing so wild?
Or THE WRECK OF THE OLD
NINETY SEVEN,
And that sweet song THE ENGINEERS
CHILD.

I love that old RED RIVER VALLEY,
And GOLDEN RIVER is flowing on
still.
BLUE SKIES and MOONLIGHT
AND SHADOWS,
Kiss the ROSES on MOCKING BIRD
HILL.

WHEN IT'S LAMPLIGHTING
TIME IN THE VALLEY,
Thoughts fly ON THE WINGS OF
A DOVE,
THE PRISONER SONG tells the sad
story, Or a boy with NOBODY TO
LOVE.

Poor old COWBOY JACK was so
lonely,
Riding back o'er THE LONE PRAIRIE.
All he found was FOUR WALLS to
hide him,
Where THEY CUT DOWN THE
OLD PINE TREE.

(Chorus) Tune up the guitars and
keep playing,
No sweet song shall e'er fade or die.
You'll sing at THE LAST GREAT
ROUNDUP,
Where we'll ride IN THE SWEET BY
AND BY.

That sweet INDIAN LOVE CALL,
kept calling,
On IWO JIMAS HILL, FAR AWAY.
THE BALLAD OF IRA HAYES
names the Indian,
Who helped raise our GREAT FLAG
that day.

When THE STAR SPANGLED
BANNER starts playing,
At the cowhands GRAND ENTRY.
With hats off the crowd stands so
silent.
While THE COLORS RIDE out with
the free.

THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD, tells
the story,
THERE'LL BE PEACE IN THE
VALLEY they say.
May GOD BLESS AMERICA forever,
Until THE END OF A PERFECT
DAY.

(Chorus) Tune up the guitars and
keep playing,

No sweet song shall e'er fade or die.
 You'll sing at THE LAST GREAT
 ROUNDUP,
 Where we'll ride IN THE SWEET BY
 AND BY.

That's the end o' that book.

Then I have written four more poems that was never published. Maybe someday I'll sell 'em to a magazine. I had planned on makin' another book, an' had drawn the picture for the cover. It's up here in the Fallon Museum. Then after my husband, Emery, passed away, I just kinda' lost interest in another book. He loved the picture I had made for my other book that was comin' up. I had him, then, to encourage me to keep writing. I gave you a copy of these poems, didn't I?

Yes.

"Diane," the one I wrote about Diane Remas an' her T.V. show up in Reno, and her mother. That didn't get put in my book so that was never published. I give it to them. An' then I wrote "Dust and Desire," another cowboy poem. I wrote "Good Morning Nevada," another one. An' the "Coyote's Tale" about the little coyote telling his side of the story, complaining.* Someday I'll probably get them published, too.

My books were published right here in Fallon at the Fallon Publishing Company. It was when Betty and Norman Butler owned it. One was published in 1965 an' the other in 1967. They did a beautiful job on my books. Wherever I went an' sold my books, people asked who did the beautiful job on my books. I was pretty proud of their work on them.

I've always been glad now that I took the time an' worked hard an' had these books printed an' wrote these many poems an' stories.

And after I've seen the joy that the children an' high school kids an' the grownups have gotten out of my books. How they love to use them in the schools and even up at the University.

An' then the many letters that I've received from other authors of books, that praised up my work I did on these books. It kinda' made me happy for someone that didn't have an education, that I've done a little good in this world. Especially the young children that enjoy my books. They just love these poems for some reason. It's kinda' their favorite Nevada books. I didn't know how they would go over when I wrote them. But I've never received one letter from any crank complainin' about my books, only praisin' them. That was kind of a strange thing. I expected, you know, so many people do, when you are the author of a book. One letter I got that thrilled me was from Alan Bible, when he told me on his way back to Washington on the plane, he was reading the Western Poems books, an' how An' how he enjoyed 'em [Chuckles]. An' then most all the governors have written me a nice letter. I have all, I don't know, hundreds o' letters stacked up in there. One from Sessions Wheeler, a professor up in Reno at the University, nice letters from him and his wife tellin' me what a good job I did on the Nevada books. An' authors of so many books, it kinda' made me happy to think that they liked my work.

Wish I could go on an' write some more books, but they're pretty expensive to have published. If you could just do a better job o' selling 'em, it'd be all right, but ... [Chuckles] But I've did pretty good on my books, an' they still sell pretty good. They're something for all time.

* See collected papers.

Uh huh, they're something that'll last anyway.

So many people buy them for birthday gifts an' Christmas gifts.

You know, Undersheriff Darrell Thomas, and Beverly, his wife, that lived here in Fallon? He was the undersheriff for quite a long time here. An' they bought a set of my books and they loved 'em. They're horse people and they raise quarter-horses, race horses. An' they loved those books—the things that I wrote about horses. They thought those poems were really something. I met Mrs. Thomas one time down the Safeway Store, an' she said, "You know what? Our pretty mare is going to have a little colt pretty soon," An' she said, "Darrell and I've decided that we're going to name it Leafy. If it's a girl," she said, "we're going to name it Leafy." So it was a girl an' they named it Little Leafy. An' its out here in the pasture now. It's a full-grown quarterhorse mare.

Darrell, he went and made a copy of the certificate of registration from the American Quarterhorse Association, and a description of the little black mare—a little white spot in its head; an' its name up at the top is Little Leafy. I was pretty proud of that to think that they named one of their thoroughbred horses after me. They said that I wrote so many things about horses, and loved 'em so well, that they made up their mind that if that colt was a mare, they was [Chuckles] going to name it after me, and they did. But I thought this was cute, to bring me this copy of this certificate. I thought that was pretty good to name a horse in honor o' me.

The certificate of registration actually shows a picture of the horse and the markings on it, and tells the name of it, being Little Leafy, and its owner, its sire, and its dam, and when it was born. The sire is Chicaro Bar Hug, and the dam is Miss Cali Bar. The sire's sire was DeWitt

Bar and the dam's sire was DeWitt Bar. They all have numbers given to them, which I guess they do for the certificate of registration. It was born January the tenth, 1974. But it really is neat to have something like that because you are so interested in horses.

I was just wonderin' if that's ever happened to anyone before, to have someone name their horse after them [Laughs].

I was just thinking of the many fine people that I have met through the Western Poems books. People that bought my books an' people that wrote to me, especially one man. It was on May the nineteenth, 1975, when my husband was so sick in Washoe Medical Center. In his room was another patient that was awful ill, a Mr. Rimestad. An' every morning before I went to Reno, before my daughter'd take me up to my husband when he was so sick in there, I would call him before we left to see how he was. An' this one morning on May the nineteenth, when I called him, he said, "Be sure and bring a couple of sets of your Western Poems books. There's a man here in the room with me visiting his brother, that would love to have a set of your books to take home with him when he leaves." I had no idea who it was, so I took the books up there that day, and it was Idar Rimestad. He was our ambassador to the U. N. in Switzerland from 1969 to 1973, an' I don't know under what President* it was. I have forgot. I wish I had remembered. But he was the nicest old man. His brother was in there, and his name was Idar Rimestad. He also had cancer at the same time my husband did, an' he passed away shortly after Emery did.

When we met this man up there that wanted to buy the books—it was this Idar. He

*President Nixon

thought it was just great to meet my grandson, Dale Jensen, an' my little great-grandson that went with us that day. They were all dressed up in their cowboy outfits an' fancy belts an' silver buckles an' big hats an' boots. He was just so interested in cowboys, an' he just thought that was great. All the time then after he bought the books, he was talking to my grandson, there. Kept makin' him tell him all about cattle raising an' all about rodeos. They got in a big conversation. An' then he told Dale an' all of us all the different cheese that they made over in Switzerland, and we had the nicest visit with him. I thought that was so nice to meet someone like that. He was retired and I forget what state he was living in now. He told us, too. I believe it was Idaho, Wyoming or Montana where his home was. But he was such an interesting man to talk to. I thought that was kinda' strange to meet someone like that through the books.

A NATIVE NEVADAN'S VIEW OF THE FUTURE

Having lived all of your life in Nevada, what is your philosophy as to Nevada's lifestyle and the offerings of this state? Also, what are your plans for the future?

Well, Carol, naturally I would have to say that I think Nevada's the greatest and best state in the world! In other words, I was born an' raised in Nevada, an, never been out of Nevada, only to go on little trips where Emery an' I went. Every year we'd take a little trip down into California, an' sometimes Oregon, Idaho and Utah. We went on short trips, for a couple o' weeks at a time. We was always so happy when we got back to Nevada. There was something about Nevada that no other state seemed to have, I thought. I thought it was so much different from when we went through Idaho the way they did things so different in other states. I couldn't believe my own eyes when we took our trip through Idaho. Goin' up on top of the mountains, an' seem' all the great big wheat fields on top of the mountains, on steep-sided hills. An' you wonder how they'd harvest it without

tippin' over their equipment. I took pictures of that. I didn't know that they did that. They depended on the rain, I guess, up on top of those mountains—the most beautiful, big whole mountainside covered with wheat fields—grain fields. An' that was so much different than I'd been used to in Nevada

And then California, all the brushy country. Get into it, you could travel for miles an' couldn't see out of it—so different in Nevada. But to me, Nevada was just the greatest state and I think it still is. It's the only state I ever want to really live in. I like to go out of it once in awhile for a week or something like that, but I'll always stay in Nevada. I was born and raised here, an' I'll die an' be buried in the state I love.

Oh, there's a lot of changes in Nevada in my lifetime, though. Well, I'm seventy-three years old an' sneakin' up to seventy four (in spring of 1979). So naturally, I've seen a lot of changes in our state. From the time I was a kid, our state was more of a sheep an' cattle an' mining state—which it has changed a whole lot. We still have the cattle an' sheep an'

minin', but gamblin' is sort of the main thing in the state now, it seems like. But I still love the cowboys an' the cattle an' the ranchin' and all that better than I do what it is now, which I suppose it has to be that way, though.

Most everywhere that I've ever lived in Nevada, I've always found wonderful people, that's the one thing. Up where we lived around Tonopah an' Monitor Valley, we had so many friends. An' then after moving down here to Fallon, I truly love all the new friends that I've met here. My friends are many here in Fallon. Fallon is a real friendly little city and I plan to continue to make this my home. Continue on the way I am now. Probably write some more poems or make some more handmade pictures out of pressed sagebrush and flowers and grasses, and chalk painting on cloth. We never know from one day to the other. We just keep agoin', an' do the things we like most. Try to do unto others as I'd wish to be done by. I guess that's a pretty good way to do it. And just meeting you, Carol and Fred, I've really gained some more friends.

So, then you're definitely not going to sit back and take it easy after all the many years of hard work and the various, things that you've done that only a cowgirl does. You're going to keep at it and keep doing and keep producing.

I keep agoin' an' stayin' on my feet an' working all I can, an' enjoyin' my family an' my friends. I have all my family, all live here, my close relatives. My daughter, Wanda McNair, she's an artist. She does oil paintings, acrylic paintings, pen and ink drawings, pencil drawings, and she is a wonderful artist here in Nevada. Her work is praised up by many people. She's been an artist now for ten or twelve years. Her and her husband Campbell McNair, they live out on Schindler Road. They have a ranch out there. An' then

she has her art business—name of it's McNair Art. Then I have my grandchildren. There's Linda and Dale Jensen. Linda lives out there on the ranch where her parents is. They have a home out there, too. Linda works part-time at Lady Faire Dress Shop. She works a few days a week there at that shop. An' Dale Jensen, her husband, he's a mechanic and a welder down at the Navy Base. He's worked there for several years. My other grandson, Bill McNair, he's a mechanic an' a driver for the Churchill County Transportation Depot at the school—bus depot. An' his wife, Andrea McNair, she works . She's one of the main girls down at the Family Savings and Loan Association. So all my family live right here in Fallon. An' I have the two little great-grandchildren, Camdon Dale Jensen, he'll be nine years old in August, and I have a little great-granddaughter, Julie Lynn Jensen. she's five. An' my son-in-law, Campbell McNair, he works for Sierra Pacific. He's worked there for I don't know how many years. It's been a long time. So with all my family, I think I'm pretty lucky to have all my family right here in Fallon, an' have a good family. I also have a nephew that lives in Tonopah—my sister's boy. His name is Melvin Filippini. He came down to visit me recently (1980). So I have all the reasons to live here in Fallon an' continue on an' make this my home, where my family is. That's what my plans are for the future.

* * * * *

Well Carol, we've really worked hard on this book, haven't we [Chuckles]? Spent a lot of hours together, and Carol, I want to thank you for all the pleasan' hours we've spent together in this Oral History book of mine. Once again, I've gained a very good friend I shall always remember!

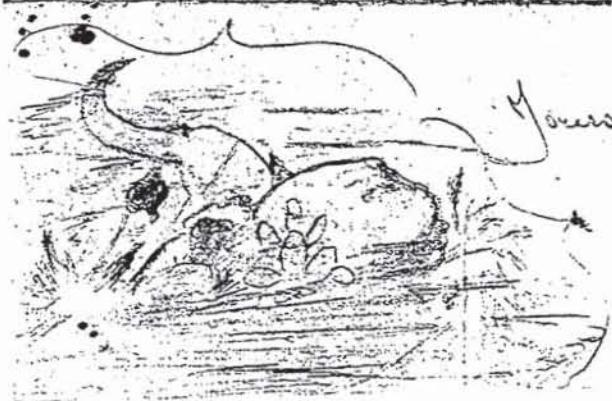
You've always been so patient and nice to work with, as we've rehashed, recycled and recollected [Chuckling] so many of my memories from my childhood days to the present time in my life, which is over seventy-four years to back-track me through the Nevada ranges [Chuckles]. I really appreciate how you devoted so many hours to research along with your busy schedule of being a local school teacher.

So, Carol, thanks. It's been great working with you. Good luck always to you, and your good husband, Fred, an' all the others who helped us in so many ways in research. [Chuckles].

Your ol' pal,
"Leafy" King

APPENDIX A:
DRAWINGS FROM WILL JAMES

See next page.



Yours, as ever

Will R. James

Beowawe
Nevada

I don't know
when this letter will
be mailed. I left
it with the *Journal*.



Hello — How is every little thing?

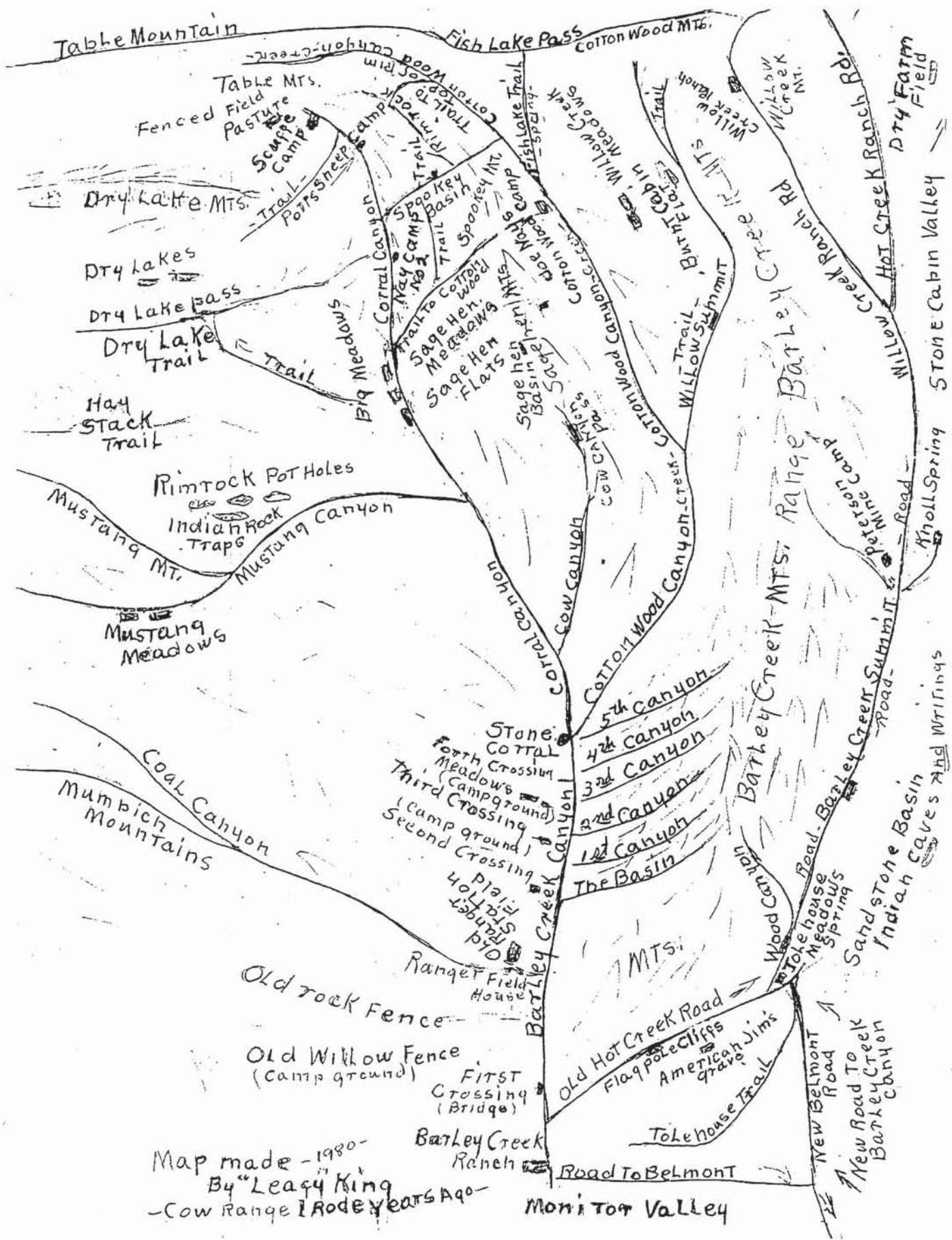
They's no use o' talkin' your dad's a foible
 was'nt satisfied of skinning me out o' one pair o' chaps he had
 to skin me out o' the other pair 'cause it turned cold, now
 sweat do you think o' that? will wonders ever cease — but wait
 just wait I get after —

It got to storming up here and kinda
 delayed my travels but I went through Beowawe about —
 the 9th and am still heading north but will come ~~by~~
 here coming back so if you want to you can drop me
 line and let me know how's ~~travels~~, ~~and~~ Beowawe I got
 to thinking about that picture of "Hell west & crooked" and it
 made a big mistake in it if I'd reasoned out the ~~globe~~ and
 full that was as that rope I'd made that horse getten ~~travels~~
 but we all make mistakes —

Knocked any teeth loose lately?

APPENDIX B: MONITOR VALLEY MAPS MADE BY “LEAFY” KING

See next page.



- North End of Monitor Valley -
- Map Made by "Leafy" King - in 1980 -
- Names of ranch owners years ago -



APPENDIX C: ARTICLE ON RELEASE OF *WESTERN POEMS*

See next page.

Local Author Places First Poem Book On Sale In Fallon

Did you know that there is a woman in Fallon who was taught how to draw by cowboy artist and author Will James? Or that this same woman was one of the best marksmen to ever come from central Nevada? Well, there is, and she is Olephia "Leafy" King.

She was raised on a ranch in Monitor Valley, near Tonopah. In 1911, she, her parents, Joseph B. and Ellen Nay and her sister Emma, lived on the Barley Creek Ranch about 10 miles east of Belmont, Nevada.

Her husband is Emerson W. King. They were married in 1935.

Mr. King, ~~now deceased~~, was

reaching with his penance, Mr.

and Mrs. ~~now deceased~~ was

born in Ogden, Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson King

moved to Fallon in June, 1942.

They took up cattle raising in

the Scheckler District on the old

Galt ranch. In 1952, they moved

into town and sold their ranch

to Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Draper.

During the war, they formed a

western band and played for

dances and social functions

around the valley.

They have a daughter, the

former Wanda Borrego, who is

now Mrs. C. R. McNair. The

McNairs have two children,

Linda 16 and Billy 13. Mr. King

now works for the Petrolane Gas

Company where he has been em-

ployed since 1953. From 1959

through 1963, the Kings were

LDS missionaries for the Fallon-

Fernley areas.

Mrs. King recently completed

a book of poetry which is soon

to go on the stands. It is made

up entirely of western poems.

Her poem writing started in 1934

when she wrote one which sat-

irised deer hunters in answer to

a challenge from friends.

The next poem she wrote was

in 1939 which was in memory of

her father who had just passed

away at that time. All of the

poems she has written record

actual events that happened in

her lifetime or contain informa-

tion about her personal feelings.

By Betty Butler — 423-3101

"Leafy" King is one of the happiest people in the valley today. Her first book, "Western Poems" came off the press Monday and is now in the stores. It is a very worthwhile book as all the poems tell a real story and she did the drawings also. Get your copy today and curl up for several hours of interest.

Her upcoming book is profusely illustrated with pictures that she drew herself. The drawings are generally composite pictures from photographs that can be found in her photo albums.

In 1918, when Mrs. King was about 13 years old, Will James was on the drift through Nevada. He was invited, by her parents, to spend some time at the ranch and rest up his horses. James wound up spending several weeks at their place during that winter working for his keep.

While he was there, he took an interest in Mrs. King's drawing ability and began instructing her in the fine points of artistry. Even after he left, he instructed and criticized her work by mail for several years. Mrs. King's poem, "Drifting Stranger" records his visit to their ranch.

The poem "Monitor Valley" tells about her youth on the ranch. "Pinky, The Mustang," is a poem of how she obtained her favorite cowhorse and some of her adventures with him. Mrs. King's sense of humor is made evident in "The Bottle Hound" which she says, is just the voice of experience speaking. "Prospector Bill" draws parallels between the old-time prospector and the present-day bottle hound.

She can also get quite sentimental at times as is illustrated by the two poems "Thinking" and "Lonely Saddles."

The daughter, Wanda, is also quite adept at poetry. She wrote the poem "Desert Whirlwind" which is a story of a playful Nevada dust devil.

Mrs. King's ability as a deer hunter in the central Nevada area is probably still unsurpassed to this day. For over fifteen years, she went out and downed her buck each fall except for the one year she was laid up with an injury.

Mrs. King took an interest in taxidermy work during that time, and taught herself the fine points of mounting game animals for



GREAT PRIDE — Olephia "Leafy" King and her husband, Emerson W. King, scan the first pages and cover of her new book of poems "Western Poems" which came off the presses Monday. The book is now available at the Eagle-Standard office, Ken M and M Bottle House, from Mrs. King and other places Fallon and Reno.



1953
"Leafy" King and
Pinky The Mustang
Barley Creek Ranch
Monitor Valley Nev.

ORIGINAL INDEX: FOR REFERENCE ONLY

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